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My Experience in the World War

Robert A. Scudder

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MY EXPERIENCE IN THE WORLD WAR

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IN THE
WORLD WAR

By

ROBERT A. SCUDDER

ROBERT A. SCUDDER, Publisher

57 1st Street, Dover, N. J.

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Dedicated to
My Wife, Raymonde.

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MAY 27 1921

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ROBBERT A. SCUDDER

CHAPTER I.

Enlistment.

Wishing to serve my country and humanity, I went to the city of Newark on the 26th day of July, 1917, walked up to Market Street and to an Army Recruiting Station, near the Pennsylvania R. R. Station and said to the recruiting officer that I wanted to enlist. The officer answered that he could help me to do that little thing.

I was told to undress to be examined by the doctor. I was examined and passed O. K. After being examined, I was told to report in the morning all ready to go to camp. I then went back to the Delaware and Lackawanna R. R. Station on Broad Street, Newark, and took the train for my home, in the town of Dover, N. J. to bid good-bye to my parents and friends. I left home the next morning, July 27, 1917 on the 8:10 train for Newark.

At this time, I was working for the Morris County Traction Company as conductor and was rooming at Mrs. Julia Gilmore's at 44 Hudson Street, Dover, N. J. Mrs. J. Gilmore and her son, Edward, came to the station with me and there I met my mother, father, sister and Aunt Elizabeth and, just before the train came, Tom Corcoran came and bade me good-bye and good luck. I then bid them all good-bye. It was hard for me to leave them all behind but I felt that duty called, so made the best of it. I arrived in Newark and went to the Recruiting Station and had a little talk with the recruiting officer, who told me to come back at 11:15 A. M. and go to lunch, this I did. In the meantime, while I was waiting for the time to pass, I took a walk in the city of Newark.

We had lunch at a restaurant near the Pennsylvania R. R. Station. After lunch, we came back to the Recruiting Station, got our papers and were lined up and marched off to the Pennslyvania R. R. Station. There we took the train for New York. Reaching New York, we took a subway to or near Wall Street. We had to walk about eight blocks to the ferry which took us up the Hudson to Fort Slocum. We left at 2:30 P. M., and landed at Fort Slocum at 5 P. M. We had a good time going up the Hudson. When we got off the boat, we again were lined up and an officer in charge here took our papers and then marched us up to the

Receiving Quarters, where they told us what we were to do and showed us our sleeping quarters for the night. After that we had our supper, such as it was. I don't believe that a pig would have eaten it but we had to make the best of it. In our sleeping quarters, some of the boys became very noisy and an officer came in and told them to be quiet but they kept on and soon after he came in again and caught the fellows and ordered them to put on their clothes and come with him. They were put in the Guard House their first night in the Army. In the morning at 5:30 A. M. we were awakened, told to dress and wash and get ready for breakfast. After breakfast, we were again lined up and marched over to the examination building where we were examined by nine doctors. Some of the boys were turned down and sent back home. The rest of us were sworn in the Federal Service of the United States Army.

After dinner, we were marched down to the supply officer and were issued a full uniform. We were very proud of this uniform but you ought to have seen us trying to get into them! We were also issued two blankets, four undershirts, no trousers, four pair of socks and a mess kit, cup, knife, fork, spoon and blue bag to keep our things in. Then we were taken to our regular quarters down by the sea wall. Every morning we had to get up at 5:30. Had fifteen minutes to dress and wash and get out in line for reveille. After reveille, we were marched up to breakfast. We had to wait about a half hour in line. After each meal, we were lined up and the mess Sergeant picked out some of us to do kitchen police and other jobs. The kitchen work was very hard. I was lucky not to be put in the kitchen. The food was not fit to eat so I bought my meals at a restaurant for the few days that I was at Fort Slocum. Fort Slocum was a very nice place except for the meals we got, they were, "On the bum." We stayed here until the 2nd of August, 1917, then sailed down the Hudson on the morning of August 2, 1917 on our way to Jersey City and took a train there for Chickamauga Park, Georgia. We left Jersey City at 12 o'clock and arrived at Chickamauga Park the following day in the afternoon at 5 o'clock. We rode thirty-two hours. We unloaded from the train in Lytle, Georgia, and then marched up to the Park where we were divided and put into different companies of the Eleventh Infantry. I was put in Co. B. of the Eleventh Infantry. For the first two days we did not drill but on the 6th of August we began to drill. We marched down to our drill field and were put in charge of a Corporal who taught us to do squads right and squads left and right face and left face. We drilled two hours and then came in for one-half hour for rest, then went out for two hours more. Came in at 11:30 A. M. for our dinner. Went out again at 2 o'clock P. M. and come in at 5 o'clock P. M. It was very hard work for all of us. We had to stand retreat at 5:45 P. M. This took about ten minutes and then we could go where ever we wished to until reveille at 5:30 the next morning. After we had been drilling about a week or more, we were issued a rifle and told that we had to drill with them. In the meantime I was taken sick and was under the doctor's care.

For three days I missed drills and so was a little behind the other fellows but soon caught up with them. We had setting up exercise for one hour in the morning. This made us feel fine and developed our muscles. About the time we had our drills learned, I was taken sick again and was sent to the Base Hospital. When I came back, they had learned one new drill which I soon mastered, so my sickness did not bother me much with my drilling. While I was in the hospital, I received twelve letters and two postal cards. They were given to me when I came back to the company. I answered them all and sent ten extra cards. On August the 19th, 1917, I took a trip to the Lookout Mountain. It takes twenty minutes to walk to the street car line. I took the car to Chattanooga, Tennessee, changed cars and went to St. Elmo, and changed at St. Elmo to the incline car that went up the mountain. The car is pulled up the mountain by a cable. It is very pretty on the top of the mountain. I enjoyed it very much. I bought a paper cutter made from the wood of trees from the mountain and sent it home to Mother. It took me about seven hours to make the trip. I had a very nice time. We had music and singing at the Y. M. C. A. from 7 until 7:30 o'clock and then had movies. We had movies every evening except when we had bible class.

On Friday evening, August 31, 1917, we had six ladies and one man to give some music and singing and afterwards we had six reels of Try Cuffs' Ball Team, which pictures were taken somewhere in Georgia.

On the morning of September 1, 1917, we had inspection of quarters and rifle and side arms. It was the first time that we had had any inspection and we did not know how or what it was like. My rifle was a little dusty and the officer asked me my name. I suppose that I would get some extra duty for having a dirty gun. I had no kick coming because if I had kept my eyes open I would have had my gun clean.

There was going to be a ball game one afternoon and I thought that I would have to see it. L Company was going to play M Company. The game was going on very well, but a thunder storm came up and that finished it. I went to the Y. M. C. A. to answer a letter that I had received from my kind friend, Mrs. Gilmore, and saw on the bulletin board there, that they were going to have some very nice movies, so after supper I went to the movies. On my way back to my quarters, I looked at the company bulletin board and saw, "Pvt. Scudder, room orderly for tomorrow." This is what the room orderly has to do:—He helps wait on the tables, and after the meals are finished, scrubs the tables and the floor. We had twelve tables in the dining hall, so I had plenty of scrubbing to do. I thought that I would go for a walk Sunday but, as I had a dirty rifle, I was ordered to work in the dining hall, so my plans were knocked in the head.

Beginning My Soldier Life.

CHAPTER II.

What My Mother and Friends Did for Me.

I had been in the service only a short time but my Mother and friends back home had been very good to me. About every week, I would receive a couple of packages from my home town, Dover, New Jersey. My, how good the things tasted that were in those packages!

On September 2, 1917 we had a musical at 3:30 P. M. given by twenty-four ladies from the Roseville, Tenn., church. We enjoyed it very much. After they had finished they wanted us to sing for them so we sang several of the songs that we sing in the evening before the movies.

This is the beginning of another day and it is what we call, "Blue Monday," and to think that we had to get up at 5:30 A. M. Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning!

Well, half of our day's work is done. Mail call outside for mail. Oh, my, a box of cake from Mrs. Hazel Leroy Hulit. It sure will hit the spot!

This is "Labor Day," and we are having a day off. We are wondering what we are going to have for dinner. I had to saw a little wood this morning.

I received some home papers from my friend, Mrs. Gilmore, but the lights went out so I could not read until the following evening. I also received a box of candy from Mother.

This is what we had for our dinner on Labor Day:

Menu: Chicken with gravy, potatoes, corn on the cob, lettuce, bread, butter, lemonade, cake, pie, oranges.

It is the best meal I have had since I have been in the service.

I went to the movies, and the title was "Patty put the Kettle On." Some picture!

The end of Labor Day's news.

Sept. 4. This afternoon we had a parade or a review, and after it was over all the officers were called to a meeting, and when our company commander came back he said that our company had the best line of march. There were nine boys from the company who left for France

this morning. They seemed to be very happy when they left. I hope that they will be just as happy when they get to France.

Tomorrow will be the first day of the draft, Sept. 5, 1917, and it is to be a holiday for us, and I think that all over the state it will be a holiday, but we have no place to go to spend the day. The mail carrier has come but I did not receive any mail. It isn't very often that I don't receive mail.

I scrubbed my leggins this morning after drill, as they got dirty this morning and we have to keep them clean. We did not drill this afternoon but we got something just as bad, we were inoculated in the arm. I have had six of them and our arms get very sore from them.

Well, this is the 25th day of September, the second draft day, and we have a day off, so two of the other boys and I went for a walk to the town of Chickamauga. It is about five miles from here. We left our quarters at 7:15. We saw several fields of cotton and some sugar cane. This was something that we had never seen before. In the town of Chickamauga, is a cotton and starch factory together. We tried to get permission to go through the factory, but the head man was not in, so we could not go. There were several girls working in the factory. Of course, we had to look at them. We got back home just in time for dinner. We rested in the afternoon as we knew that we had to drill the next day.

The next day after breakfast "First call: Everybody outside for drill," yelled the sergeant in charge of our quarters, and soon after we heard the first sergeant blow his whistle and we knew that it meant to get outside right away. We had a new drill. We learned how to force the enemy back. It was very hot work but we enjoyed it very much. After we came back, we had bayonet practice, to learn how to get the Hun before he could get us. When the mail carrier came this evening, I received a package from my Uncle George of Trenton, and this is what it contained: a dozen apples, hand towel, wash rag and a cake of soap. You ought to have seen me sink my teeth into one of those apples!

On the 7th day of September I was on detail. We had to level over dirt on the road. We did not work very hard, Corporal Clinton was in charge of us. We had five loads to level so you can see for yourself that we did not work hard. There were eight of us to do the work.

As today is Saturday, we will have inspection of arms, and I am also on guard this evening from 4:30 P. M, until 4:30 P. M. tomorrow evening. I will not be able to go any where.

I have not very much to write as I have not been any where only to walk around some building two hours out of every six.

Well, I see by the bulletin board that I am room orderly tomorrow, and that means work from 5:30 in the morning until 6:45 in the evening. so I am quite sure that I will not go anywhere this evening except to bed.

Well, another day drill has passed and I am not as tired so I think that I will go to the movies this evening. * * * * The movies are over and they were very good, I will soon be in bed as 5:30 will soon be

here and then we will hear the bugler say, "I can't get them up," and we don't like to hear that call.

There are three calls that we like to hear, and they are, recall from drill, mess call and pay call.

On September 14, 1917, we had a parade in the morning, but some one was out of step so we did not get as much credit as we did before.

A Soldier's Dream in Chickamauga.

Since I hit this noted place,
Historic Chickamauga,
It seems I've walked a million miles
Right round, just like an augur.

When early in the morning,
I hear the bugle blow,
I grab my Khaki trousers
And put them on and go.

Then after standing reveille,
There's breakfast, don't you know?
And policing 'round the quarters
For half an hour or so.

When through policing quarters,
And a load of wood or so,
I hear the good old bugle say—
Grab your gun and go.

Then soon we're off for drill,
And 'round and 'round we go,
We do squads right and column left,
For twenty miles or more.

At last we form a skirmish line
And launch a grand attack,
'Tis then we fix our bayonets
To drive the Germans back.

We're fighting many battles
'Tho none of them are real,
We're only just a-practicing
To learn to use the steel.

When our practicing is over,
When we're landed in ol' France,

We'll mop up with the Germans
If we only get a chance.

We'll make a charge up Vimy ridge,
And sweep o'er Dead Man's Hill;
We'll raise Old Glory over Belgium,
And ship old Kaiser Bill.

—By John W. Brown, Co. E. 11th Inf.

On September 16, 1917, I went to Sunday School in the morning. The lesson was very good. In the afternoon, I went down to the large Y. M. C. A. building to hear the sailor quartet. It certainly was fine!

On the 17th day of September, we had pack inspection out on the drill grounds. After this was finished, we went in for the day.

On September 19, 1917 our regiment went on a ten mile hike; about 1,800 soldiers in the line of march. Of course, some of the doctors went along in case any of us got sick or got blisters on our feet. The ambulances came along behind and picked up the sick. We left the drill ground at 7 A. M. and got back at 11:30 A. M. and were very tired. We had the afternoon to rest. The doctor came around to inspect our feet to see if we had good feet or not.

On the 21st day of September, we pitched our dog tents; two men to a tent, sixty tents in a straight line; the rows of tents look very nice. Each man carried half of the tent in his pack and also carried half of the tent pins.

We didn't drill, so I took a little walk to get some fresh air. In the afternoon, I took a little nap and in the evening, I wrote a letter to Mother.

CHAPTER III.

Orders to Pack

On September 25th, 1917 orders came to pack up and move to St. Elmo to do guard duty.

The street car company of Chattanooga, Tenn., went out on a strike yesterday and we got orders to go to St. Elmo, Tenn., this morning to guard the incline that goes up to the Lookout Mountain. We rolled our pack and left our company street at 7:15 A. M. and hiked to St. Elmo, which is fourteen miles. We arrived at St. Elmo at 10:30 A. M. The first thing that we did, was to pitch the cook tent. That is the main tent as we are always ready to eat. We thought that we would have to pitch our pup tents and sleep in them, but there was an empty store so we made our quarters in it. The first night we had to sleep on the floor with one blanket under us.

The next day we took a walk around the town. It only took part of the company to do the guard on the incline, so we had it very easy. All of the company who were not on guard the night before had to drill two hours a day, but this was done in the morning and we had the rest of the day to ourselves.

We walked around the town and took in the sights. We had inspection in this town on Saturday, just the same as we did when we were in camp. There were quite a number of people standing around looking and watching the officers while they inspected us.

On the 30th day of September we were mustered in on the payroll. If not present, we do not receive any pay until the next month. After we were excused, a young men, whose name was Paul Coggan and a soldier, Pvt. John Mouser and I went to the Presbyterian Sunday School, and after Sunday School we went to church. Paul gave me an introduction to his friend's sister, Miss Hisey. I walked home with her. I did not get back to St. Elmo in time for dinner. The church that we went to was about two miles away in a small town named Aulten Park, Tenn. I made an engagement with Miss Hisey for the afternoon. We went for a walk. On my way over I saw a runaway horse coming down the road going just as fast as he could go but I did not see any wagon.

Private Scudder.
After Three Months' of Training.

I went a little way around the corner and saw an ice cream wagon on its side. It had tumbled down a bank about twenty-five feet. It broke the wagon up very much, but the man did not get hurt.

The first day of October was a very nice day. We did a little drilling and in the evening Paul and I went over to the glass factory where Miss Hisey's father is a foreman, and he showed us around the factory. There were several girls working there on the night shift. Their lunch time came while I was there. Mr. Hisey made me a cigarette holder out of glass and I sent it home to Mother. The girls who worked in this factory were colored.

On the following afternoon, I took a ride with Paul in the grocery wagon. He went to take orders. In the evening, I went over to see my friend, Miss H——, in Aulten Park.

The next day I had to work in the kitchen but in the afternoon I did not have much to do, and as Paul's boss was going over the other side of the Lookout Mountain with a small order in his touring car, he asked me to go along, so I did. It was a very nice ride up and over the mountain. I was gone about two and a half hours.

On the 4th day of October, we went for a little hike of four miles. We sang and whistled all the way except as we passed through the town.

I am on guard tonight, and we have to take a full pack so I must get my pack ready. The reason we have to take full pack is that we have to stay outside all night and we need our blankets to cover ourselves while we are off post. We are feeling very fine, as we are to have a chicken dinner served to us tomorrow by the ladies of St. Elmo. I can almost taste it now.

We were all seated around the tables of good things to eat. Everything that a rich man could afford to buy for his own table was there. The young ladies of St. Elmo waited on the tables and gave us the best of service. It made us feel at home to put our feet under a table with a table cloth on it. Several speeches were made by different men and officers.

The strike was settled October 5, 1917, and orders received in the evening to be ready to leave in the morning to go back to camp at 7:30 A. M.

On the 6th day of October, there were many sad hearts and sad faces in the company. We had just gotten acquainted with the people and had to leave. We had to hike it back, but the boys did not sing on the way back as they did on their way to St. Elmo.

Today is Sunday and it seems very lonely around camp. I had an engagement with Miss H—— this morning to go to church, but I was broke and so had to stay in camp.

On the 10th we were to go on a ten mile hike but orders came cancelling it. This was the order: Two hours' drill in the morning and then change clothes, shine our shoes and be ready to fall in company front at 1 o'clock and march over to the Lookout Theatre. There, we heard several men talk on " Second Liberty Loan." Several of us bought one or two fifty dollar bonds, but we were not forced to buy them but

were told that it was a good way for us to save our money. I thought it over and then bought two fifty dollar bonds.

Song that Warms a Soldier's Heart.

He delights in singing "The Girl I Left Behind Me.."

Four Distinct Versions.

In English-speaking countries it is almost a certainty that when a regiment leaves its home town or one which it has occupied for some time or whenever a man-of-war weighs anchor, the band will strike up "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The song was sung in America during the Revolutionary War. Some chroniclers contended that it was introduced into the British Army about this time, and that the American soldiers learned it from the British.

In some British song books, the English lay claim to the air, but there is good evidence to show that it was originally an Irish march to which soldiers in camps along the English shore set words. Many versions of the song bear the title "Brighton Camp" from the fact that it was sung so much by soldiers quartered at Brighton, the famous English shore resort. The Brighton encampments were maintained during 1758, and this date has been regarded by some antiquaries as the date of the composition of the song. An Irish manuscript music book dated 1770 and containing the song has been found, and Bunting says: "The air was also taken down from A. O'Neil, harper, A. D. 1800—author and date unknown."

The music varies little in the numerous versions which are still sung, but the words vary greatly. One poem which fits the music is attributed in Brainard's "Our War Songs" to Samuel Lover, the Irish poet, dramatist, musician and novelist, author of "Handy Andy." But Lover was not born until 1797, consequently it is unlikely that he had much to do with the original version. One version, with an English flavor, is as follows:

The Girl I Left Behind Me.

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hills,
And o'er the moor that's sedgy;
With heavy thoughts my mind is filled
Since I have patted Naegy.

Whene'er I turn to view the place
The tears doth fall and blind me,
When I think on the charming grace
Of the girl I left behind me.

The hours I remember well,
When next to see doth move me,
The burning flames my heart doth feel
Since first she owned she loved me.

In search of some one fair and gay,
Several doth remind me,
I know my darling loves me well,
Though I left her behind me.

Each mutual promise faithfully made,
By her whom tears doth blind me,
And bless the hours I pass away
With the girl I left behind me.

My mind her image full retains,
Whether asleep or awakened;
I hope to see my jewel again,
For her my heart is breaking.

But if I ever chance to go that way,
And that she has not resigned me,
I'll reconcile my mind and stay
With the girl I left behind me.

Another, with a distinct Irish flavor, which was the most popular among the songs of both Northern and Southern soldiers during the Civil War, is as follows:

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

The dames of France are fond and free,
And Flemish lips are willing,
And soft the maids of Italy,
And Spanish eyes are thrilling;
Still, though I bask beneath their smile,
Their charms fail to bind me,
And my heart falls back to Erin's isle,
To the girl I left behind me.

For she's as fair as Shannon's side,
And purer than its water,
But she refused to be my bride
Though many a year I sought her;
Yet, since to France I sailed away,
Her letters oft remind me,

That I promised never to gainsay
The girl I left behind me.

She says: "My own dear love come home,
My friends are rich and many,
Or else abroad with you I'll roam,
A soldier stout as any;
If you'll not come, nor let me go,
I'll think you have resigned me."
My heart might break when I answer, "No."
To the girl I left behind me.

For never shall my true love brave
A life of war and toiling,
And never as a skulking slave
I'll tread my native soil on;
But were it free or to be freed,
The battle's close would find me
To Ireland bound, nor message need
From the girl I left behind me.

The following version is different in words and music from the foregoing, but the sentiment in both is in harmony with the title:

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hills,
And o'er the moorland sedgy,
Such heaviness my bossom fills,
Since parting with my Betsy.
I speak for one as fair and gay,
But find none to remind me,
How blest the hours passed away
With the girl I left behind me.

The hour I remember well,
When first she owned she loved me,
A pain within my breast doth tell
How constant I have proved me;
But now I'm bound for Brighton camp,
Kind Heaven then pray guide me,
And send me home, safe back again,
To the girl I left behind me.

My mind her image must retain,
Asleep or sadly waking;
I long to see my love again,
For her heart is breaking.
Whene'er my steps return that way,
Still faithful shall she find me,
And never more again I'll stray
From the girl I've left behind me.

The following is another popular American version which has appeared in many editions of popular songs during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The words were copied from the Franklin Square song collection, which was printed in New York in 1884:

The Girl I Left Behind Me.

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill,
And o'er the moor and valley;
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill,
Since parting with my Sally.
I seek no more the fine and gay;
For each does but remind me,
And send me safely back again
To the Girl I've left behind me.

Oh, ne'er shall I forget the night,
The stars were bright above me,
And gently lent their silv'ry light,
When first she vowed she loved me.
But now I'm bound to Brighton camp,
Kind Heaven, may favor find me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

The bee shall honey taste no more,
The dove become a ranger,
The dashing waves shall cease to roar
Ere she's to be my stranger;
The vows we've registered above
Shall even cheer and bind me,
In constancy to her I love,
The girl I've left behind me.

My mind her form shall still retain
In sleeping or in waking,

Until I see my love again,
For whom my heart is breaking,
If ever I should see the day,
When Mars shall have resigned me,
For evermore I'll gladly stay
With the girl I've left behind me.

The difference in these versions no doubt came about through the circumstances that, like many other songs of this kind, it was in existence many years before it was printed. It was carried from camp to camp by soldiers with an ear for music, and when they forgot the words they supplied new ones. The third version is from an Enginsh song book, published some fifty years ago, consequently it may be the current English version. But there are no doubt many other variations and parodies, for the lilt of the song sticks in the memory, and it has lived for over a century and a half—a tribute to its appeal to the popular taste.—Indianapolis News.

CHAPTER IV.

A Night's Experience in the Trenches at Fort Oglethorpe.

We left our company street at 9:45 in squad formation. We had about a mile to hike to the trenches from our company street. About 10:15 A. M., we were in the trenches and located in our sector. I am sitting on a bag of hay with my pack still on my back and my rifle on my right side ready for action if the enemy should come. I have two biscuits of hard bread in my pocket and when I get hungry I will have them to eat. We got our dinner at one o'clock. Gee! I could eat as much again as what I got, but I can't get any more so I will have to go without it. When we get on the other side, if we get as much to eat in the trenches as we get here we won't starve. One of the soldiers in the other bay came over to my bay and we have been telling stories to each other to pass the time away. This afternoon Lieutenant Speavech made me lance Corporal and put me in charge of some of the boys digging trenches. We just had our supper. It is 6:50 and it has begun to get dark. We have to stay in these trenches all night. We are expecting the enemy to make a drive at most any time, but I am sure that we can shoot them just as fast as they come over after us. We were just informed by the listening post that everything was O. K.

Well, I am hungry; I will be able to eat my breakfast when it comes without any delay. * * * * * * We were relieved from the trenches at 9:30 A. M. on the following morning by the sixth infantry. We did not have any inspection on this Saturday as we had just came back from the trenches, and we were free until Monday morning.

On the 14th day of October I washed and dressed, shined my shoes and went down to the city of Aulten Park after dinner to see my friend, Miss Hisey. We went for a walk and in the evening went to church.

On the 16th day of October, we worked out a little problem. This is what it was; we were to make an attack on the enemy, so our company commander, Captain Wood, divided our company into equal parts and then told us just what we were to do. The half of the company that I was with went about one-half mile and the sergeant sent out his cossack post, which consists of three privates and one corporal. The side that I

Private Halmanton, My Buddy.

was on won the problem and our captain said that it was well done. In the afternoon, we went out at 5 o'clock and had bayonet drill.

On the 17th day of October we went for a hike. We left our company street at 8:15 A. M. We hiked for fifty minutes and rested ten minutes. During the first rest we took a little drink of water. We started again at 9:15 A. M. On our way we saw a place where a farmer was making molasses. The mill was run by a team of mules. Molasses is made somewhat as cider is made. It is almost time for rest. At third rest, we stopped at a small country store and took off our pack and went in to see what was there for sale. We almost bought the store out. If we had had about five minutes longer, the proprietor of the store would have had to close store because he would have been sold out of everything that we could eat. At the fourth rest, we built a fire and cooked our dinner. We boiled coffee and fried bacon and potatoes that we carried with us. It sure was a good dinner! I enjoyed it very much. Some of the boys did not want to cook their dinner and the captain came around and asked them why they were not cooking, and they said that they were not hungry. The orders were that everyone was to cook his own dinner so the captain took their names and gave them extra duty when they got back to camp.

In the morning, we hiked about ten or twelve miles with a full pack of sixty pounds, and in the afternoon our packs were carried in the wagons, that is our blanket rolls. We carried our hammer sack, belt and rifle. We had about five miles to hike back into camp. We passed several fields of cotton on our way back to camp. We arrived home about 3 o'clock. I picked some of the cotton from the field, just as is grew, and I am going to send it home to Mother so she can see how cotton grows. After supper, I felt somewhat tirel but went to Aulten Park just the same to see Miss ——. Well, I think you know without being told. The street car company was out on a strike again, so I had to go and come by auto.

Today, I worked in the kitchen as cook police. I had to help peel two and a half bushels of potatoes and wash dishes and wait on table. Some work! When I get out of this army it will be hard to find something that I can't do.

As this 24th day of October is a holiday, we can have a rest or go any place that we wish. The mail, brought me a box of candy which Mother sent me and a box of cake which Miss E. Bates sent me. My, now good they both tasted!

On the afternoon of the 25th, we went out to the range, about five hundred yards away from our quarters. We each shot fifteen rounds and then it was time to go back to our quarters and get ready for supper.

Today, we have been training how to handle and throw hand grenades. It was a very tiresome drill but we had to learn just the same.

On the afternoon of the 2nd day of November, we had our picture taken as a company and also a regiment.

We have had something new today. The officers were trying to teach us how to pass verbal messages from one to another. We formed a circle and a sentence was started. This is what is was: "This evening we expect the enemy to make a charge on Lytle and capture our store house." This is the sentence as it reached the other end of the company: "We expect to capture a store at Lytle this evening." So you can see that it is very necessary to have trained soldiers. If we had been in real action and this same sentence was sent back to the commanding officer and was repeated wrong, you can see what would happen. I have put my name in for a pass to go home on the night of November 8.

Today, we have been learning how to do first aid work in case anyone should get wounded on the battle field so we could attend to them if we had time.

Well, our day's drill is over and I have my pass to go home. It is a five day pass.

I am all washed and dressed and ready to go to Chattanooga. My train leaves Chattanooga at 9.45 P. M. I have to change at Cincinnati.

* * * * * * * * * * *

I arrived at Cincinnati at 9:30 the following morning where I had to change from the Southern R. R. to the B. &. O. R. R.

I am now at Camden-Baltimore Station. We were thirty-five minutes late leaving Cincinnati. We ran into a heavy fog and did not dare run very fast. We were held up on this side of Washington by another train ahead of us that had a broken wheel, so we were three hours late when we arrived in Washington.

I have six hours' ride yet before I will get to Jersey City.

After reaching Jersey City, I took the ferry over to New York, walked down to the Hoboken ferry and went across to Hoboken, N. J., then took the D. L. & W. R. R. at 12:45 o'clock at noon on the 10th day of November and arrived in Dover at 2 o'clock. It took me 41 1-4 hours to make the trip from the camp at Chickamauga Park, Georgia, to my home town, Dover, N. J.

After a little talk, I had something to eat, as I was hungry. I stopped at 44 Hudson street where I roomed before I enlisted, then took a walk up town, after I had rested. Father was waiting for his car to come, and he saw me and asked me to go home for supper which I did. I had told the lady, at whose house I roomed, or mother No. 2, as I called her when I wrote to her, that I would be back for supper, so I had to 'phone to her and tell her that I would not be home for supper as I was going up to Mine Hill with Father and have supper with Mother and him, but I would be down to go to the show with her at 7:30 P. M. I went up to see Mother and sister and had supper with them and am to go back to Mother's tomorrow for dinner.

Mother asked me how long I could stay home, and I told her that I had to be back in camp Wednesday morning, November 14th, for reveille, and I told her as it cost me quite a great deal to come home, and as it might be the last time that I would be able to get home before I

went across, that I was going to send a telegram in for five days more. My trip cost $23.67 one way as far as New York and $1.85 return to Dover, a total of $49.19 just for carfare, not counting my meals on the train, and they were not very cheap. I met several of my friends and they wanted me to come and see them, but I did not have time to go to see all so I went to see the first ones who asked me.

I received an answer to my telegram saying that I could not get five days more granted to me, but I took them just the same.

On Monday morning, I went over to the High School to see Mrs. Keith, a teacher, that I knew. In the evening, I went to lodge. I was asked by two of the teachers to come over Tuesday and give their pupils their exercises, so I took Miss Richardson's and Mrs. Keith's pupils outside. I gave them a few of our easy exercises for a half hour. In the evening, I went to see a young lady. We went to the show, and had a very nice time.

The 14th day I spent with Mother. We went for a carriage ride. I have been very busy every day since I have been home.

On November 17th, I left on the 8.44 A. M. train for camp. My parents and several of my friends came to the station to bid me goodbye. I arrived in New York at 10:15 A. M. and then went down to the B. &. O. R. R. Station and bought my ticket for Chattanooga, Tenn. My train did not leave until 12:13 A. M. so I checked my travelling bag and went for a walk out in the city of New York to pass the time away. I went up Liberty Street and Broadway then to the Post Office and got some stamps and then went down a little way and took in the sights. At 11:30 A. M., I went back to the station and took the ferry over to Jersey City. The train was a little late and did not leave until 12:25 A. M. I met a man on the ferry that was going to Philadelphia. He went on the same train that I did. This made company for both of us. I had quite a chat with him. We arrived in Philadelphia at 2:30 P. M. My companion got off. Some more passengers got on. Another man sat down in the same seat that I was in, and I made my self acquainted with him as it was very lonely to ride alone. I found out that he was going as far as Washington, D. C. We arrived in Washington at 5:30 P. M. and there my second companion got off. I then ate supper. After supper, I went to sleep for a short time. The porter had pillows to hire out for the night at a quarter, so I got one. Some time in the night, a lady got on the train and when I woke up I found her sitting beside me. She looked at me and I at her and said, "How do you do?" We talked for a few moments and I fell asleep again as I was tired. When I woke up again she was gone. I woke up the next morning at 8:30 by New York time and 7:30 by Southern time. I washed myself and then ate breakfast. After breakfast, I wrote a letter to Mother and to Mrs. Gilmore. I mailed them at the next station at which we stopped.

On the 18th day November, at 9:45 A. M., I arrived in Cincinnati and found that I had to wait there until evening before I could get a train for Chattanooga, Tenn. I checked my baggage then went out for a walk

to see what kind of city Cincinnati was. I walked around until 11:30, then went into a restaurant and had dinner.

The girl who waited upon me asked me if I was from Cincinnati, and I told her no, that I was from Jersey and was on my way to camp after a visit home. I told her that it was my first time in this city and that I did not know anything about the city, that I did not even know where there was a movie show. The owner of the restaurant told her to show me where the movie show was as she had the afternoon off. I said, "Yes, if you have the afternoon off, and have no other engagement, why not go to the movies with me?" and she said that she would. Before we got ready to go, her sister came in to see her so we three went and spent a very pleasant afternoon together.

After the show, I went back to the restaurant and had my supper. After supper, I bade her and her sister good-bye and good-night and thanked them very much for their company, as it had made it very pleasant for me, I being a stranger in the city.

I went down to the station at about 7 o'clock, and my train left at 8. I was sitting in the station when some one came up and said, "Here he is." At that, I looked up to see who was talking and found out that the two girls that I was at the movies with had come down to the station to see me off. We talked until the train came. I again bade them good-bye and good-night and thanked them for the pleasure that they had given me in the afternoon. I rode all night until 6:40 in the morning, then I took an auto from the station and went to camp. I arrived at camp just as my company was marching out to the drill field for drill. I changed clothes, got my belt and rifle and went out to the drill field and reported to my captain. Captain Wood said to me: "You are under arrest. Join the company and drill." Within an hour or so, I was called out of rank by the company commander, Captain Wood, and he gave me my pay, as we had had a pay while I was at home, I then fell back in with the company and drilled up till noon.

CHAPTER V.

Thirty Days in the Guard House.

After dinner, Sergeant Cary came up to the barracks where I was sleeping and said: "Get your blankets ready as you have to go to the mill." This meant the guard house. The first afternoon in the guard house, I was sent with a guard to dig trenches from 1:30 to 5:30 P. M. The next day, I was working on the wood pile. The third day in the guard house, my company commander sent up for us to be sent to the company to drill. The corporal in charge of quarters came up after me. I had twenty minutes before we went out to drill. I had a little chat with the boys. After drill, I was taken back to the guard house. At 12 o'clock, I was brought down to the mess hall for my dinner by a sentry. At 1 o'clock we were sent out to work. I worked in the trenches for a little while and then was taken to another place to cut sod. After supper, I answered a letter that I had received. This guard house is some place! We prisoners have a book of general rules that we made ourselves and all of the prisoners have to live up to these rules. When a prisoner does something against the rules of the guard house he gets tried by the court. It is called Kangaroo Court. One fellow spit on the floor and some one saw him and preferred a charge against him and he was tried for spitting on the floor. This is the punishment that he got: He had to watch the corporal of the guard, and if he came in the guard room he had to yell out, "Corporal is in the guard room." The reason that this was done was that most all of the boys liked their smoking, and they were not allowed to smoke, but they stole a smoke when they got a chance. We had to have our bed made up at 7:15 in the morning or we were tried for it, and if we did not have a good reason or proved guilty we got some little work to do, such as to open the windows at bed time or keep the fire going in the evenings.

There is a different company on guard each night. On the night of the 23rd day of November, the officer of the guard came in the guard room and searched each and every person and their bunk for cigarettes and tobacco. If he found any, he would take them, and the one to whom they belonged got thirty days more in the guard house. My company is

Private Berpil, a Sentry.

on guard today. I was sent with two other fellows and the sentry down to the supply company to saw wood. It was a little cold so we went into the kitchen to get warm, and the cook gave us a sandwich, and I say that it sure hit the spot as we three were hungry, as was also the sentry. The sentry was very good to us. This is my fifth day in the guard house and I was tried this afternoon. On my way down to the court house, I met my company commander, Captain Wood, and he stopped me and told me what to tell the judge, who was Captain Henry.

The judge read my charge to me, and then asked me if I was guilty, and I told him yes. Then he asked me if I had anything to say. I told him that I had a five-day pass to go to New Jersey and it took me four days to go and come and that only left me one day home, and that I did not know but that it would be my last time to get home so I took five days more, and that I had sent a telegram to my company commander for five days' extention on my pass, which was not granted so I took it. Then I was excused.

Well, it is supper time and I am waiting for my supper to be brought up to me. We are not allowed to go to supper as it is dark and the officer of the guard is afraid that we will get away from the sentry. It is almost like a hotel, we get our supper carried up to us. We get just the same things to eat as the rest of the company get. It is the 25th day of November, and Sunday. All day in the guard house! I worked about one and a half hours this morning and have the rest of the day to myself.

We have different work to do nearly every day. There are three soldiers here in the guard house with chains on their feet. Tomorrow I will hear from my trial and then I will know how many more days I will have to stay in this place.

On the 26th day of November, I was taken down to my company's first sergeant by a sentry, then I was free until 12 o'clock. I went out to drill with the company. The first half hour we had a game of foot ball, and then we had one hour of a close order drill. Here are a few of the drills: squads right and squads left, or as we soldiers used to say, squads east and west.

The following day I had my breakfast brought up to me at the guard house. After breakfast, I went down to the company to drill. We went over Lytle, Georgia, to the railroad track where we were to guard it and not let the enemy get near the track, as they would dynamite the track. After awhile we saw the enemy coming down through the woods and we stayed just where we were and captured them when they came near the railroad. Half of our company was the enemy. We went back to our quarters for dinner. I went back to the guard house and had my dinner. After dinner, the prison's officer called us outside, where two were released and eight parolled. I was one of the eight. How happy I was, for when you are on parole you don't have anyone chasing after you with a rifle and a fixed bayonet, ready to give you a jab if you do not do just as they say. Another fellow and I were sent out in the woods to pitch a tent. It seemed good to go without a guard with us.

On the morning of the 28th day of November, we had a game of foot ball. I go to the company to eat now. I am glad of it as no sentry goes with us.

CHAPTER VI.

Thanksgiving Day in The Guard House.

29th of November; Thanksgiving Day and still in the guard house. We had a very nice dinner today. This is what we had: Oyster stew with crackers, bread, turkey, gravy, cake, pie, nuts, apples, oranges, grapes. I have not been feeling well today so did not eat very much. I went down to see the doctor and he said that I had the grip. He gave me two kinds of medicine to take every three hours. I have not done anything today except to lie in bed.

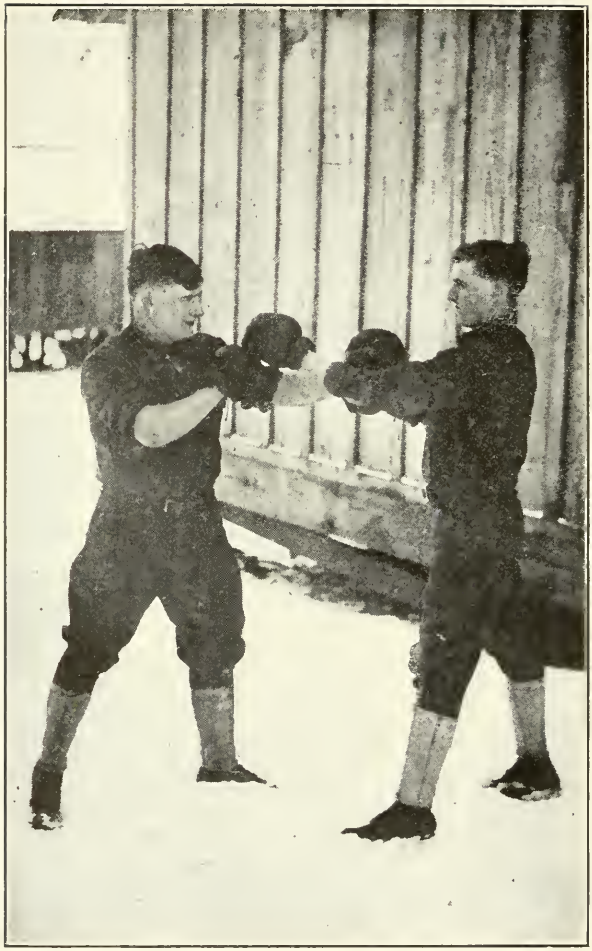
This is the first day of December. Our company is on guard tonight. I had a dish of corn flakes for my breakfast and a plate of vegetable soup for my dinner. I have taken all my medicine and have been to the doctor for more. Am feeling better than I did yesterday.

Wrote a letter to Mother this morning and went out to drill. Had a very easy drill. We had only a few drills because some of our company were on guard. I did about one hour's work this afternoon. I took three wheelbarrow loads of wood up to the guard house so we could keep warm tonight as it is cold without a fire. It is not very nice to be in jail, but it is not so bad after all, for we get three square meals a day. Some of our company went over to the officers' training camp. Lieutenant Cook and Lieutenant Ferman went with them. Lieutenants Ward and Speaveck were left here to take charge of the company.

On December 5th three of us prisoners went to the officers' mess to take out the tables and chairs, as the building is going to be repaired. It took us about one hour to clean the building and we stood around the rest of the afternoon.

Another day has passed, We went to the drill field. Our fingers were cold, holding our rifle on our shoulders but we had to do it just the same.

We went for a hike in the park this morning for about one and a half hours. We saw the squirrels and rabbits running around but did not dare to break ranks to watch them. I don't like this life very much, but I have to make the best of it. We drill in the morning with our company, and in the afternoon we have to do all kinds of work. We have three fellows here in the guards with shackles on their feet because they tried



Corporal Donaway and Private Holt Having a Little Exercise Just Outside Our Barracks,

to burn out one time. I had a newspaper and was reading it when the sergeant saw me and came in and took it away from me. I asked him why, and he said that it was orders. No one ever heard those orders but himself. I think that he must be one of those officers' pets! Oh, the mail, and I have received a letter, it is from Mother, and contains a lot of news. It is better than my supper was to me.

Well, I am feeling sleepy so I think that I will go to bed as we have to get up at six o'clock, dress in the cold and make our bed. I did not sleep very warm last night. When I put on my shoes this morning they were so cold that I thought that my feet would freeze. I had to work about three hours this morning. My fingers got so cold that they started to swell so I stopped and got them warm. We came in about 10:30 and washed and got ready for dinner. We did not work this afternoon so I wrote a letter to Mother.

On the 10th day of December we were sent to our company to drill. We went to the drill field but it was so cold that we could not drill, so came in. In the afternoon I got a steady position to last until I get released from the guard house. I have to build fires and carry wood for the officers. A fellow in the army has to do any and every thing that he is told. They can't make you do it, but they can make you wish that you did do it. Some nights I have to work until eight o'clock.

Well, it is beginning to snow and the wind is blowing. My, it is cold, and only one blanket to cover us with and we sleep on boards. Oh, I say, some life!

Well, it is the 14th day of December, I have not very many more days to stay here in the guard house. I received eight letters this evening. They had been delayed somewhere on account of the heavy snow storms that we had last Tuesday.

Today is Sunday and it is a very nice day. I cannot go to Aulten Park to church today, but my time will soon be up and then I will be free to go wherever I wish to on Sundays.

I have been working all day long. Well, I am to be released from the guard house tonight.

On the 19th day of December, I am back with the company again. Some of the boys have the mumps and we are in quarantine until the 26th of December.

I did not spend a very good Christmas this year as we were not allowed away from our building.

A little news of what has been going on in Chickamauga Park. Beginning May 1917, there were only about 100 men here, and this is what has happened since that time: There has been a regular little city built here, 1,516 buildings, 546 of these, barracks with a maximum capacity of 43,000 men and 762 officers. All these buildings are wired for electricity and have sewerage completed. The amount of material that was used in this Park for 40,000 soldiers was 24,000,000 feet of lumber, 95 acres of roofing material, 125 miles of weather broom wire, 17 miles of large tile pipe, 12 miles of cast iron pipe, 350,000 pounds of nails. There are

210 mess halls, 325 lavatories with 1,820 shower baths, 110 stables, furnishing shelter for a maximum of 7,950 animals. There are six concrete chamber tanks for sewage and water of a half million gallons; 4 bakeries, with a capacity of about 400,000 pounds of bread per month has been built, a central heating plant for the base hospital. At the present time, Major A. L. Bump is post quartermaster. About 10,000 pounds of beef and 13,000 pounds of bread, which is baked at the camp, and 17,000 pounds of potatoes are used. Fuel allowance for the camp is twenty tons of coal and seven cords of wood per day.

I wrote home some time ago for Mother to send me a quilt after the 18th of this month, as it was so cold here that I could not keep warm, and today I received it and this message with it: "Hoping that you will keep warm always after."

Today, one of the boys received a Christmas present from his sister. It was a negro in a box, and we had some fun with it. When it was wound up, it would jig just like one of those Alabama negroes. I received two presents from the P. O. S. of A. Lodge, to which I belong. They were a fountain pen and a mirror and they both came in handy.

On the 24th of December a detail of ten men were sent out to pile up some baled hay and I was on the detail.

Well, today is Christmas but it does not seem so. We were put in quarantine again because another case of mumps broke out today; that means twelve more days for us. I received a box from a friend last Friday and it said on it, "Do not open it until Christmas," so I just opened it this morning. It was a nice box of candies.

The day after Christmas; on detail to unload a carload of wood. We got the wood unloaded and then were sent to Wilder Park to get a wagon load of coal, and next to a small town named Lytle, to get a load of cinders to put around the Y. M. C. A. building.

This evening I received some mail from home and a comfort kit from the Red Cross through a friend from my home town.

The 27th day of December; this morning we played foot ball for about an hour and then started in for our day's drill. This morning's mail brought two presents, one from Mother. I received a box of writing paper today from my best girl. Another case of mumps today, that means twelve more days for us. We had a slight snow storm today. It did not amount to much but it got cold afterwards. We are not supposed to leave our quarters while we are under quarantine, but I did not go to to supper with the boys tonight. I dressed and went to Chattanooga while they were eating supper. Everybody was in bed when I came back.

This morning, I did not get up until 8 o'clock as we do not have reveille on Sunday. We can sleep as long as we wish.

The last day of this year; we had to go about six miles to a wood job today to get some wood as we have not any, not even enough to cook our supper with. It is snowing and is cold and our feet are soaking wet, but we have to get some wood. This will be the last writing that I will do this year.

CHAPTER VII.

The First of the New Year.

Well, we have snow on the ground so we won't be able to drill very much. We had to go to the woods again for wood or have no fire to get anything ready to eat.

January 4, 1918; Company B is on guard tonight. We did not drill this afternoon as we must get ready to go on guard. We put on our best clothes and cleaned our rifles, as we have to pass inspection before going on guard.

I was on guard and got No. 5 post. I was on the second relief. It was around the U. S. R. quarters. I suppose that you wonder what U. S. R. means. It is officers or second lieutenants who were commissioned in 90 days from Camp Greenleaf or Fort Oglethrope, Georgia. I was on from 6 P. M. to 8 P. M. and from 12 P. M. to 2 A. M. I thought that I would sleep about three hours out of the four that I had off. I tried to sleep but it so cold that I had to get up to get warm. I had to go on again from 6 A. M. to 8 A. M. and from 12 A. M. to 2 P. M. I was some tired when we were relieved! I ate my supper and went to bed very early.

On the 5th of January, we had our regular Saturday morning inspection. The 90-day officers inspected. One of them found a little speck of dust on the outside of my rifle and took my name and after inspection I had to work on the wood pile.

I received a picture from a girl in Clarksburg, W. Va. It was a picture of herself. I have never seen her, but judging from her picture she seems a nice girl. I do not know her but I know her cousin, as I met her on the train when I was on my way home south, on November 9, 1917.

The 8th of January; we have drilled eight long hours. It has been a hard day's work for all of us. We had a new bayonet drill that just came from France. That is what the French are using at the present time. We had a little snow last night, just enough to cover the ground. We only drill a half a day on Wednesday. We played a strap game for a half an hour. It is played in this form: We form a circle and bend over half way, and put our hand on our back and then one man passes around

with a strap, and whoever gets the strap bangs away at the man on his right until he gets around the circle to his place again.

It is quite cold today but we have to drill just the same. Our fingers got so cold that we had to rub them on the ice to get them warm, as they had begun to swell while we were drilling.

The 11th day of January; the happiest day of a soldier's life, pay day. We can hardly wait until we get it, as our pay days are so far apart and the pay so small that it doesn't last long. After we pay our laundry bill, insurance, liberty loan and buy a few stamps, our money is gone.

Well, pay day is all over and we are nearly broke again. By the time we go to Chattanooga once, our money is gone and then we have to wait for another pay.

Well, another day has rolled over our heads and we have to lay all our clothes out on our bunks so the supply officer can check them to see what we need. It has been raining and snowing all day and I did not go out any place, I stayed in and cleaned my rifle and shined my shoes for inspection.

It is some cold tonight, and I am on guard again. Cold enough to freeze a brass monkey!

I wanted to go to church tonight but as it is about 12 miles there, and I am tired, I think that I will go to bed. Water is very scarce here, we can only get it at certain times during the day.

Today, I have been working in the kitchen, so I did not drill any.

The 17th day of January; it was quite cold today, so I went to the Y to see the movies. The movies had just started when some one yelled out, "Fire!" and everyone went out to see where the fire was. The officers' quarters were on fire. It was a frame building, not very far from the Y hut. The wind was blowing so we put water on the other buildings to keep them from burning. The water did not have enough pressure to reach the top of the buildings so we had to use pails. I stood on the ladder passing them up and it got so hot that I had to stick my hand down in the water as I passed it on. It finally got so hot that I had to get down off the ladder. We did not dare go to bed until the fire was all out. It was about 12 o'clock when we went to bed.

On the following day, we drilled only a short time as it was too cold. In the afternoon, we had a talk on war risk insurance. Most of us took out $10,000 policies. It costs us $6.60 per month. It is a good thing because if we get badly wounded or killed, we will have something to help ourselves or to help our wives or mothers.

It was too cold to go out to the drill ground and drill with our rifles and do squads right and squads left, so as it got a little warmer in the afternoon, we took our picks and shovels and were marched off like prisoners. We worked fifteen minutes and rested ten, but there was not much rest to it for the shave tails, officers, had us running up and down hill all of our ten minutes.

One of our boys got hit on the back of his hand with a pick. It made quite a hole in the back of his hand. He was taken to the hospital.

We have not had any water for two days so we got an old pail and melted snow and ice to get water enough to wash ourselves.

The 25th day of January; just like a summer day! The snow and ice are all gone. The ground has started to thaw and the mud is almost ankle deep in front of our quarters. Well, we are on guard tonight and I have to get my rifle cleaned and my shoes shined or one of those Second Lieuts. will ball me out. One of them even had nerve enough to tell us to shine our hob-nails, these are not supposed to be shined.

Our band of the 11th Regiment gave us a concert for an hour tonight at the Y. M. C. A.

The 2nd day of February; it rained all night and is still raining. We were to have inspection today but as the rain did not stop until after 9 o'clock, we did not have it.

Lieutenant Edmans gave us a little talk on the war, how it started, where it started, and showed us where they were fighting today. He told us that we would be in the same place within a short time.

The enlisted men of this regiment put together and made up enough money to build a club house. We have movies every night and sometimes a few stunts in between the reels which makes it very nice.

CHAPTER VIII.

Hob-nail Shoes.

February 5th; breaking in our hob-nail shoes. Today we were issued our hob-nail shoes and were told that we had to drill with them, so we put them on. Gee! They felt as if they weighed a ton, and our feet got so tired that we could hardly walk, and not only that, but got blisters on my feet.

Well, today we are to have a parade by the first Battalion and we must wear our hob-nail shoes.

I think that I will go to bed early tonight as I am tired and my feet are very sore.

Oh! Oh! What is that? First call and I am still tired. I wish some one would kill that bugler! The song for the bugler:

"Some day we're going to kill the bugler,
Some day you'll find him dead.
Then we'll get the other buck,
The one that woke the bugler up
And spend the rest of our life in bed."

Well, I have only ten minutes to get out of this and dress and get my rifle and get outside for reveille.

Today, we had a tug of war with Company A. They beat us the first time, but we beat them the next two times. We told them that we gave them the first game to encourage them.

Oh, my feet! My hobs are so heavy and my feet are so sore that I can wear the shoes only half the time. We had a fire drill today. The fire was supposed to be in the first battalion, near No. 5 hydrant.

This afternoon, we got twenty recruits from one of the National Army Camps, Camp Jackson. They seem to be very nice fellows, but I do not know how they will like to drill. Well, tomorrow will be a very good day for us, it will be pay day.

Pay day! When pay call blew everyone yelled out "Pay Day." We received our pay about 11 o'clock and in short time a crap game started,

and soon some of the fellows were broke. In the evening, I went to the Y to hear a lecture about Paris. It was very good.

February 9th; we had a big parade. The parade consisted of six regiments of the infantry. About 18,000 soldiers in the line of march and everyone had a pack on his back. There were quite a number of people from the different towns to see the parade. We got nearly home when it started to rain but we did not get very wet.

On the evening of February 10th we order that we were to pack up and get ready to go to the rifle range. We were to wear our overcoats, have a full field pack and to carry a hundred rounds of ammunition. The rifle range is about 18 miles. It is near a small town named Catoosa Springs, in the state of Georgia.

The load that we had to carry was about 124 pounds. We left our company street at eight o'clock and arrived at the range at two o'clock. We were all very tired. We slept in squad tents. We went to bed early as we had to get up at 5:45 A. M. the next morning and go out to the range at seven o'clock. We came in just long enough for dinner and went out again until 5:30. We had supper and went to bed early, as we were tired and stiff from the day before.

We have a Y. M. C. A. here. They stretched some canvas around a wagon shed. It is crowded every night with the boys writing letters home to their mothers and sweethearts.

I received some mail from camp and a box from home. We have been here four days and we have finished our shooting and start from home this afternoon. I am glad of it.

We left Catoosa Springs at 12:15 for camp. It started to rain just after we started, but a soldier is used to 'most anything. We arrived at camp at 5:05 P. M.

On February 15th we received more recruits from the National Army. They are nearly all Pennslyvania Dutch, with a few Jews mixed with them.

We had a thunder and lightning storm last night. I went to the Y, to the movies, for the first time this week. Well, tomorrow will be Sunday and we do not drill so I will sleep 'till eight o'clock.

Well, Sunday came, and I went for a walk this morning, down to Lytle, and saw some National Army men come in for the Sixth Infantry. We drill only half a day on Wednesday and in the afternoon we wash our clothes—take a bath and in the evening go out to see our best girl.

On the 21st day of February we drilled five hours and went out in the evening on a march for three hours. It was a lovely evening, the moon and stars were shining bright.

I received a box of ginger snaps from Mother. Oh, my, they were good! I ate some of them after I came in from our night march.

Well, I feel very well this morning, after the march we had last night. It is eight o'clock and I am just getting up. It is Washington's Birthday. Today is Saturday but we do not have inspection.

We have a parade and pass in review for some high officer or mayor of the south.

We passed in review today with equipment, which is an O. D. uniform, a pair of canvas leggins, a full field pack and hob-nail shoes.

Sunday, April 24th was a very nice day, so I cleaned my clothes, dressed and went to St. Elmo. I went to the Baptist Church, and I met a girl there, that I got acquainted with while we were in St. Elmo on guard duty. I went home with her to dinner. We went for a walk in the afternoon. Afterwards, I took the street car to Chattanooga, Tenn., and had my supper at the Dixie Restaurant on Main Street. A short time after supper, I took a street car and went to Aulten Park, to the church where my old girl goes and she was there, of course. After church, I went home with her, but did not stay very long as it was getting late and I had a long way to go on the street car. It takes me about an hour on the car and then I have about a half hour's walk before I get home. I had a very nice day.

Well, Sunday is past and this is "Blue Monday." We had to work hard this morning digging trenches and this afternoon, had our regular drill.

CHAPTER IX.

Drilling Recruits from the National Army.

Six hard days' drill! I had to drill a squad of recruits from the National Army. Some job!

Tonight we had Bible Class and elected officers. We had to sign the payroll after supper. It takes about two hours for everyone to sign it.

We have some boys in our company who cannot read or write English. They go to school for an hour at the Y four nights a week to learn how to read and write. I was picked out to help teach them. We had about 133 from the regiment. We had three classes. We first teach them their A, B, C's and how to write them.

Our night march was called off tonight, as a French soldier is at the Y to give a lecture about some of the things that are going on in France.

Another day has passed over our heads. The company went on a night march, but tonight there was school, and when I came back from school the company was gone so I did not have to go.

We went on a seven-mile hike today and were quite tired when we came back home. I am rested a little and as it is Saturday afternoon, and so pleasant, I think that I will go to Chattanooga. My! some crowd in town! I think 'most everybody must be out in town.

I have been helping Lieut. Reeves, the dentist, for the last few days, until he could get some one from the Medical Corps to help him. It was a few days' rest for me.

We have some more recruits from the National Army who have not been on the range and we got orders to pack up and be ready to go to Catoosa Springs target range at eight o'clock. All of the old men in Company B had been to the range before, so we knew just how far it was. Well, we arrived at the range. The regular soldiers did not have to shoot again. Only the National Army men practiced. We taught them how and kept score for them.

It did not seem much like Sunday today, as we had to go to the range and shoot. I was keeping score today and my feet got cold. When we came in, the fellows in the tent with me went out looking for wood to build a fire in the small stove in our tent. We saw a building half torn

down and went down an finished it. By so doing, we got enough wood to last all night. At four o'clock, I got cold and woke up to find that the fire was out, so I took some straw from my tick and started the fire and and soon got warm. I then lay down until reveille. I did not have to go to the range this morning, so after breakfast, I put some wood on the fire and lay down on my cot and fell asleep. I did not get up until 11 o'clock. I went for a walk this afternoon with one of the cooks, Frank Pizzilo, over round the Springs and the hotel. It is a summer resort. It is about one mile from the camp at the range. We drew up a bucket of water from the first well we struck, its color was like milk but it tasted good. The apple and peach trees were all in bloom and they looked very pretty. The farmers have their gardens plowed, ready to plant. Several of the houses were empty, so we wrote our names and addresses on paper and put in through the broken window and said, "Please write a soldier."

There are thirteen different kinds of springs here and all have a different kind of water. We met one of the men who works here and he told us several things which I jotted down. These are the names of the water:—White Sulphur Water, Black Sulphur Water, Yellow Sulphur Water, Red Sulphur Water, Buffalo Sulphur Water, Soda Water, Congress Water, Magnesia Water, Beauty Water, Epsom Salts Water, All-healing Water, Lime Water, Alum Water, Freestone Water, Cheladaum Water.

We tasted nearly all of these different kinds of water. Some of the springs were so deep that we couldn't reach the water. Some of the water was very good to drink and some almost made us sick. Much of this water is sold to the hotels at Chattannoga, Tenn. It is sent by tran from Binggold, Georgia. While we were walking around we met a couple more fellows and also a boy that lived in the town; we asked him where we could buy a glass of milk and he directed us where he thought we could get some. We arrived at the house and I knocked at the door, a colored woman came to the door, and when I asked her if she had some sweet milk to sell, she said, "yes," so we all drank a couple of glasses. There are not very many people here yet as it is too cool. We had quite a walk and enjoyed it very much. We went to bed early, as we were told at retreat that we were going to hike back to camp tomorrow. We leave at 7:30 A. M.

It is the 14th day of March; and we are back to the old drill field. It has been very hot today and the perspiration has been running down my face very freely, but I fell happy just the same. I have been drilling my squad very hard today trying to teach them what I knew, which is not very much.

March 15th; it is not so hot. We drilled with the band this morning and everybody did very well. We drill much better when we have nice music to drill with. We were to have inspection today. We got up at first call, at 5 o'clock and stood reveille at 5:10 and afterwards had breakfast and had to get our field pack ready at six o'clock to fall in our regular places. It kept me on the move all the time. We hiked to Chickamauga and back again. There were about 15,000 of us soldier boys in the line of march. Every one of us had a field pack.

On the 17th day of March I went to Aulten Park to see my friend, Miss H——, We went to Sunday School and afterwards went to church. It was a very nice sermon. The text, "What It Meant to be a Man." In the evening, I went to church again, and the text was, "The Training of Man's Tongue." I did not get back to camp until 12:25 P. M. I came back home in an auto. It took me thirty-five minutes to come from Chattanooga to camp. It is about thirteen miles. It did not take me long to fall asleep when I got in bed.

March 19th; it has been a very nice day. It was quite warm to drill. Our commander did not give us a very hard drill owing to the heat. We solved a problem: We were supposed to be out in no man's land in the trenches. First, a sentry was sent out and a connection file also was sent out to keep in touch with the sentry squads and the main support. After everyone was in their place, Lieut. Jones took us around and explained just what every man was supposed to do if the enemy made an attack on them.

March 20th; it rained all night and a little while this morning. It was not fit to go out to drill so we stayed in and cleaned our rifles. At nine o'clock, we were called outside with arms to arm the company. Every body was changed around. There was not enough corporals for every squad. I was in Corporal Bowden's squad, which was the third. All corporals were told to step two paces forward, and then the men were placed according to their size. Then a corporal was assigned to each squad. After all the corporals were assigned, the first sergeant picked out some men whom he thought were able to take charge of a squad. I happened to be one who was picked. I was given the 15th squad. This afternoon, I wrote four letters and at four o'clock went to the Y to teach those who cannot read or write. The Y secretary is going to call a meeting to give us some instruction in teaching.

Helmet that We Wore in the Trenches

CHAPTER X.

First Day of Spring

It is a beautiful day for the beginning of spring. It was a little warm drilling but at bed time it was cool enough to sleep well. A company picture was taken today.

Second day of spring; a large and grand review. It was a Regimental Review in honor of regimental commander, Colonel Pickering, who has been transferred from this regiment. He did not like to go. He has been with the 11th Regiment of Infantry for five years. He gave a short talk, saying this regiment was about to go over seas into active service, and that he would like to go along with us but that he was past the age, so he could not go. About 3,200 soldiers passed in review. It is something that I shall never forget. The band played all the time and some very sweet music. After the review, we went back to our drill grounds and our Captain Woods, commander, gave us a little talk and we went in. That is all we did because we are to go on a hike tomorrow with full field pack to the city of Chickamauga. I went to the Y and wrote a letter home to Mother.

Saturday, March 24th; we did not hike to Chickamauga because it rained. We had inspection instead.

Today, I went to Aulten Park to Sunday School and morning service. In the afternoon, a couple of us went for a walk to St. Elmo, Tenn. An auto came along with a lady and a man and they stopped and asked us if we had any place to go and we said "No." Then they asked us to go for a ride. We rode nearly all the afternoon and just before leaving, they asked us to come to their home and spend some Saturday evening and Sunday with them. Of course, we promised them that the first chance that we get, we would call on them. We arrived home at 11:20 P. M. I soon "Hit the hay," as I knew that Monday was always a hard day, or "Blue Monday," as we call it sometimes.

Well, our "Blue Monday" is past and I have a big day before me, drill all day and after that I have to attend teachers' meeting and then a non-commissioned officers' school. We always have Wednesday afternoon off to clean up, wash our clothes and get ready to go out and see

our friends, if we have any. Some of the boys had to drill this afternoon as they did not do just what they were told while drilling, so Lieut. Graves took their names and made them drill Wednesday afternoon.

We did not drill this morning because we had a big inspection this afternoon. We had to make up a full pack just the same way as the order calls for over seas and also pack our barrack bag the same as the list calls for.

Another day has rolled over our head. It has been a very interesting day. We had a very nice problem. The company was divided into two equal parts. One part of it was kept back for support and the other was sent out like this: A sentry squad was sent out and a cosack was also sent out. I was in charge of the cosack squad. We saw the enemy coming and we kept very quiet. They did not see us, so we waited until they got almost to us and then one of us halted them and took four prisoners. The enemy was the other part of our company, who were to be our support but we soon finished them.

March 30th; this month is almost gone. We went for a march today for about eight miles with full field equipment. At the last place we stopped for a rest, just before arriving home, a few autos of sight-seers came along and one of them stopped near where Company B was resting. Some of us began talking to them. Just before we had to fall in, they gave us some king beans and told us to have watch fobs made out of them.

We passed the reviewing stand at 10:30 A. M. There was a large crowd by the reviewing stand. Of course, we snapped out of our dope when we came near the reviewing stand.

It is the last day of the month and we are always mustered in on the pay roll at the end of each month or we do not receive any pay for that month. I usually go to church on Sunday, but as it is the last day of the month and we have to be here to be mustered in or we won't get any pay until the muster day comes around, and I am broke, I stayed home to be mustered in. It is Easter Sunday and I bet that the morning service was good, but I could not get there. I did not feel very well in the afternoon, so went to the hospital to see the doctor and he gave me some medicine. He also gave me some C. C. pills and marked me "Duty."

The next morning I did not feel any better, so I did not go out to drill. When sick call came I went to see the doctor again. This time, he gave me some more medicine and marked me "Quarters," and told me to come up in the morning before breakfast or before I ate anything and get a dose of salts.

Third and fourth days of April I was sick in bed and feeling a little better. Went to see the doctor and he looked at me and said, mark him "Duty." (Easy money.)

This evening I went for a little walk to Lytle, Georgia. I saw the last of the Sixth Infantry leave for France.

Well, today was pay day. I drew a big pay, it amounted to twenty-five cents. After my liberty bond and insurance is taken out I have $13.50 left, but this time the supply sergeant had $13.25 charged to me for cloth-

ing, which I never had. I went to him and he said that it was a mistake and told me to go to the Lieutenant and tell him about it which I did. He told me that I would get it back, but I never saw anything of the $13.25; someone had a good time on it. Well, I only had a quarter in my pocket, and I had made an appointment with one of the cooks to go to Chattanooga with him to see some of our friends, as they had asked us to come to their house Saturday afternoon and spend the rest of the day and Sunday if we could. I told him that I had only a quarter to my name and that I would have to stay at home, but he said, "Get ready and we will go, I have enough money to carry us through." So we went. We arrived in Chattanooga about 3:30 P. M. I had our friend's address and telephone number but did not know the street that they lived on. The lady gave me her telephone number and told me when I came to call her up, and they would come over town with the auto and get us. I did this and her son came over. Her son did not know us and she wondered how he would tell who we were. I told her that I would carry a pencil in my hand, so when he saw two soldiers standing on the corner he would know that we were the ones for whom he was looking. He found us O. K. We went back home with him. After we talked for a little while, the lady, I forget her name, showed us the room where we were to sleep. Some bed! I said to my self, "Is it a dream or is it real?" I looked at it for a long time before I could make up my mind that I was going to sleep in a real bed once more. After we found out where we were going to sleep, we went down stairs and talked some more and went out in the store and looked around a little. We had supper about six o'clock. Our dress shoes had been taken away from us and all that we had to wear were our hob-nails. Some shoes! They felt as if they weighed a ton, and any one could hear us coming two or three blocks away. We had a good night's sleep. We did not get up until nine o'clock. Oh, how I hated to get out of that bed. We dressed and washed and went down stairs. The lady asked us what we wanted for breakfast. Gee, isn't it good to have friends? We had ham and eggs for breakfast. My, how good it tasted! I can taste it yet. We were some sports, but it had started to rain during the night sometime, so it was a very damp and dreary day. In the afternoon the boy took us for an auto ride. It was the last time that we would be apt to come to Chattanooga as we were booked to go to France most any day, so I having a friend, Miss H——, who lived over in Aulten Park, Tenn., asked him if he would drive over there as I wanted to bid her good-bye, for I would not have any chance to see her again. Well, I saw my friend, Miss Mabel Hisey, she is very nice and is also a very nice looking girl. I had a little talk with her and told her why I had come. She was glad that I did. I could stay but a short time. I hated to have to go to France and leave her behind, (so would you if you knew her) but I knew that it was my duty to do so and to go and do whatever the orders were, so giving her a hug and a kiss and bidding her good-bye, I rolled away in the machine.

The people whom we visited were Mr. and Mrs. Martin and son. I had a wonderful time all day. I arrived home safe and sound at 12:15 A. M.

The following day it was still raining, and as it was impossible for us to go out to the drill field, the officers came around to our quarters and gave us lectures about our drill and on things that had to be done before we could be ready to go to France. Nearly all of us were eager to hear what he had to say, as we were all crazy to go to France.

The ninth day of April; I did not drill today. I was in charge of a wood detail. Some soft for me! All I had to do was to look on and see that none of my men went away. I was not very tired, so went to the Y to the movies. Well, tomorrow we have to check up on our clothing and get everything that is supposed to go over seas with us.

On April 13th to 18th we did a little bit of everything.

Sunday, and a beautiful day. Just think this is our last Sunday, and probably our last day and night in Chickamauga Park. I hate to leave here but I am willing to go wherever duty calls.

CHAPTER XI.

Starting for France—April 15, 1918.

April 15, 1918; we have been busy packing all day and have everything turned in and are ready to leave for the train.

The whistle blew at 2:30 for us to fall in on the company street. We lined up in our proper squads and then a report was made of every corporal and squad leader. After that we had roll call. We were then given squads left, column right and marched off to take the train at Lytle, Georgia.

We arrived near the station but the train was not in yet, so we were halted and told to sit down as the train was not in, but was expected at any time. Each squad leader was told to keep his squad where he knew where they were as they did not want to leave anyone behind. The train arrived about 4 P. M. We were loaded on and the train pulled out about 4.25 P. M. "Good-bye Chickamauga Park; no more drilling here."

Sergeant Johnson now appointed me corporal of the guard and told me to put a guard on each end of the coach. Everything is going well. We are well on our way. We just passed a yoke of oxen hauling timber from the woods. We ran over a large black pig and the train stopped and took it off the track.

We had our first meal at 6:30 P. M. The Porter made up our births at 9 o'clock, then we went to bed.

Well, we all had a good sleep last night. We had to back up about ten or fifteen miles because a train was wrecked ahead of us, so we had to back up to a switch. We have just crossed the Tennessee line. Here the train came to a stop and we saw a Red Cross stand. We all got off the train, took our cups with us and got a cup of coffee, a ham sandwich and a couple of cookies. After this, we all got back on the train again. The ladies of the Red Cross passed around some candy and books to us.

We have started again. The time is an hour slower here than Georgia, so we will have to set our watches back. A few coal towns we have passed through are: Wallace, Va.; Aipins, Va.; and Gunton Park.

We are 166 miles from Washington, the train is at a stand-still and some girls are here talking to us, asking us all kinds of questions.

We arrived at Washington at 2:10 in the morning and stayed there two and one half hours. I do not know why we stopped there that long but there must have been a reason.

We passed Elmer Junction. Here we saw a large factory, most of the workers were girls and all had on overalls. We are now in Chester, Pennsylvania and still riding and I think we will keep on riding.

Well, we have arrived at last at Camp Merritt, arrived about the middle of the afternoon. We hiked to the camp, which was about a mile from the station. It was a warm day. Well, it all goes in a soldier's life, hike, hike, hike is all we get.

I just put in for a pass to go home as I am sure that we are not going to stay here very long. I received my pass O. K., from 1 o'clock until 1 o'clock the next day, and I had to hustle to get the train to get home, as I have to be back in the morning at 1 o'clock or I will be put in the guard house.

The Y. M. C. A. here in the States, or at least in Chickamauga Park and at Camp Merritt, are doing great work. While I was stationed at Chickamauga Park, Georgia, I wrote this and sent it to the editor of the Dover Advance:

Private Scudder writes from South. Tells of great work done by the Y. M. C. A.

Editor Advance:—This is how much we appreciate the Y. M. C. A. at Fort Oglethorpe, Chickamauga, Georgia.

While I was home on a visit I learned that the people of Dover were helping the Y. M. C. A. workers wonderfully.

Each time I write home it is from the little green building with the red triangle. It is there I find my writing paper, ink, stamp, a kind word and smiles from the men that are in charge. If there is a favor they can do, they are always ready to do it with good will.

They entertain us three times a week with moving pictures. Wednesday night is "stunt" night, when each company does a "stunt" on the stage of the Y. M. C. A. On Thursday night, we have prayer meeting. Friday night we have a song service, which is led by the Y.. M. C. A. leaders. We have Sunday School on Sunday morning; after Sunday School we have church. All this helps to drive away home-sickness and "blues."

It is a grand and noble service and those who stay at home, without risk of life or limb, should be willing at least to support the work that brings cheer and comfort in a hundred ways to those of us who are giving up so much, enduring hardships and getting ready to face our fate, whatever it may be, that is if government of the people, for the people and by the people shall not perish from the earth. Let the home people do their part by making it possible to continue the work so well started and so well done.

As ever,

ROBERT A. SCUDDER,
Co. B., 11th Infantry,
Chickamauga Park, Georgia.

I had a very good time the few hours that I was home. Mother and sister were coming to Camp Merritt to see me on Wednesday, but I had to 'phone and tell her not to come as I would not be here, so she would not be able to see me.

We were ordered to leave Camp Sunday morning at 7:30 o'clock, and when we got up at 5:30 it was raining but we had to go just the same, as we have to go aboard the ship this morning. We have about a mile to hike to the train.

It was April 21st when we loaded on the boat. It took three days to get the boys all aboard and everything that was to go. We were told that we would set sail about Thursday morning as it was impossible to sail before, for there was too much to be done. We sailed on the ship "Leviathan." Its former name was "Fatherland," the largest ship the Germans had, and we had a chance to take it over and so we did. I am glad that we did. It sure did carry some soldiers to France. Just think, Germany's own ships were carrying soldiers from America to France to fight her. We had about 13,000 soldiers on board.

Monday night or Tuesday morning early, one of the boys who was on board got yellow and afraid to go to France, and thinking that everybody was asleep, he loaded his rifle, got out of bed and went out into the passage way and put the gun to his ankle and pulled the trigger. I went out into the passage way to see what was the trouble. I thought that perhaps one of the guards had shot at someone for opening a port hole, as the night before someone did, but this man had shot himself, and when I went out where he was I found that he had shot himself through the ankle, I bound it as well as I could until I could get him up to the ship hospital.

The doctor asked him if someone was mad at him and shot him or what happened to him, but he did not answer.

When we woke up Wednesday morning someone said that we had started, and sure enough we had, when I looked out the port hole I could see nothing but a large body of water. We then were sure we were on our way to France.

We had a very nice trip all the way over, the water was smooth and calm. We did not have any help with us until we were within a day and a half of France, then we got four submarine chasers, two on each side.

The ship's crew told us that we would be about eight or nine days on the way, and we could hardly wait until the days rolled by. On the morning of the seventh day, when we awoke, land could be seen on the right hand side of the boat. Everybody was crazy to see the shores of France. When we landed, orders came around for two non-commissioned officers and fifteen privates to go ashore to sort the barrack bags. Sergeant Roscoe, fifteen privates and I were sent. We went ashore in the middle of the night. We had to go ashore on a small boat. It took us about a half hour to go ashore. We landed at Brest, some town, I say so. The company came ashore the next day. They had about three miles to hike to the rest camp. We were taken up the following evening in trucks.

Corporal Scudder as in a Gas Attack.
How Would You Like to Wear This
Four to Eight Hours?

I found the company O. K. They were camping in tents, some place to get a rest. We had to sleep on 2 x 4 planks. They only thing that we had to lay on the planks was a blanket and one to cover over with. We would lie a little while on one side and then on the other side. No rest at all. We stayed here four days after I arrived and then came to pack up and get ready to move.

We hiked down to the railroad and there we were loaded in French box cars or horse cars, whichever you want to call them.

Contributed.

"The Volunteer."

Why didn't I wait to be drafted,
  And be led to the train by a band,
Or put in a claim for exemption,
  Oh! why did I hold up my hand;
Why didn't I wait for a banquet,
  Why didn't I wait to be cheered?

Oh! why was I so hasty;
"Nobody gave me a banquet."
  Nobody gave me a kind word;
The puff of an engine,
The grind of the wheels,
  Was all the good-bye that I heard;
And went off to the training camp
  To drill for the next half year,
And all in the scuffle forgotten,
  For I am only a "Volunteer."

And perhaps some day in the future,
  When a little child sits on my knee,
And asks what I did in the "great war"
  And her little eyes look at me,
I will have to look back into those eyes
  That at me so trustingly peer,
And confess that I wasn't drafted,
  But was only a "Volunteer."

—By a Volunteer.

The Drums of Lille.

Hark to the roll and crash of drums
  Joyous squeal of the shrilling fife!

Here, at long last, deliverance comes
And the city of dead is waked to life.
There are sobs in the cheers that its voices raise
And never a woman's cheek is dry
As on through the press of the crowded ways
The marching fours swing bravely by.

What have you suffered, good folk of Lille?
Four years' hate at the hands of the Hun;
Four years under the iron heel!
Nor is the tale of your anguish done.
Never was gladness without alloy;
Your men are slaves to the hounds of war,
And even in this, your hour of joy,
You must weep for those who will come no more.

And these in Khaki, so brave and gay,
They toiled and suffered to make you free,
And many a comrade fell by the way
And hearts are breaking across the sea.
One in sorrow and one in mirth,
The comrade armies must still fight on
Till the peace of the victor shall come to birth
And the night of horror is past and gone.

Are Girls in France More Pleasing than Those Left Behind.

A few weeks ago an article appeared in the home edition of the Chicago Tribune under the heading, "Will the War Change Our Romeos?"

It described the truly feminine attitude of all French women, who from infancy are brought up to believe that their main effort in life shall be to make people happy. The man is the chief object of consideration and adoration in the home.

The men over here who have had a chance to go into French families have noticed this, said the article. They themselves have been showered with little thoughtful attentions.

And the writer of the article asked, if when the men returned to America they wouldn't demand a little more of this attention.

Scores of letters have come to the Tribune from American girls, who feel that this means a rivalry with the French and they resent it.

Perhaps the writer of the article was wrong in his conclusions. The only ones who can answer are the soldiers themselves.

The Tribune would like to have ideas on the subject. Write to the Editor of the Army Edition and give him your thoughts on the following questions:

Do you believe that French girls are more agreeable, more thoughtful and attentive than American girls?

Do you believe that French girls strive to please and are appreciative of little attentions, while American girls strive to rule and are exacting and exhorbitant in their demands?

Which manner do you like better?

The French Know How.

Editor Army Edition:—Though I am an American myself, I regret to admit that there is no comparison. The French have been in war over four years and every family has lost some one very dear, still they never complain about their own troubles. The girls in France know just how to make a man happy in every way, they are the prettiest in the world, can be most loving, and again like a real comrade to a man and last, but not least, they know how to be merry and gay.

They are always very agreeable to a man's mood. My opinion is that many of them will become the wives of American soldiers after the war. Many of my friends are also of that opinion.

—G. W. R., Supply Co. 2, Battal. 20 F. A.

He Has Chosen Here

Editor Army Edition:—That French girls are more agreeable, more thoughtful and attentive than American girls is one of the strongest beliefs I possess. That French girls strive to please and are appreciative of little attentions, while Americans strive to rule and are exacting and exorbitant in their demands is my honest opinion.

The real truth of the matter is that thousands of American girls have degenerated into gossiping, gum-chewing, jazz-dancing, money loving creatures, who are as much fitted to be wives of men as are female cannibals. The pity of it is that the young men of the nation have applauded this type and permitted them to exist.

Many of the men of the A. E. F. having gone into the French home, and having met the daughters, have been agreeably surprised to find them quiet, modest, thrifty and pretty, and that their mothers were not gold prospectors. I have so declared myself to the young lady who is jointly interested to purchase a ticket, when this war is over, back to the States.

—Sergeant, 346th Infantry.

His Positive Opinion.

Editor Army Edition:—I really can say that French girls are more agreeable, more thoughtful and attractive than the American girls in every respect. I also do know that the French girls are more pleasing and very appreciative. I surely can agree with any one that the American girl is a ruler and a very unpleasing girl.

Personally, I can say that they are very exacting and exhorbitant in each and every one of their demands.

—Corporal.

Yes! Yes! Yes!

Editor Army Edition:—We have argued this question under the cover of our tent and it is the unanimous opinion of the boys that all the questions should be answered in the affirmative.

I can say that being on detached service and having traveled actively all over France, and being very closely related in work and play with the French people, that they place their male sex on a pedestal, whether he man or boy, and they certainly know how to pay little attentions to the male sex, not very easily forgotten.

It is natural for us to want to go back to those we left behind, but I think there will be much French blood in the coming generation.

—Sergeant A. S. Kugh, 414th Bat. Signal Corps.

Is for Mademoiselle.

Editor Army Edition:—Are French girls more pleasing than those left behind, and will the war change our Romeos? Yes.

Do you believe that French girls are more agreeable, more thoughtful and attentive than American girls? Yes.

Do you believe that French girls strive to please and are appreciative of little attentions, while American strive to rule and are exacting and exorbitant in their demands? Yes.

Which manner do you like best? Mademoiselle's manner, and if we understand French language and customs better, there would be many more American hearts left in France.

— W. E. Earle, Corporal, Co. D, 414 I. B. S. C.

All For Back Home.

Editor Army Edition:—I fell in duty bound to defend the girl I left behind me when I came to this country. The only French girls I have seen were either too friendly or did not so much as glance at a common soldier, and the ones a fellow finds in the estaminets are friendly to your banknote.

No, to all three points. The girls at home have it all over the French in every way, looks and all. There is not a girl in France who can compare to my girl "over there."

—Serg. G. M. Gellar, G. O. A. 108 Eng., A. E. F.

Wants No Change.

Editor Army Edition:—We want to say that while the French maid is a pleasing novelty (we can scarcely class her as more than that), we would not have our American girl changed in the smallest detail. We all like to be considered as real men, and want our girl friend, pal or sweetheart to be a real pal—ready to share our hard luck with the same good grace that she accepts our flowers and candy.

We do not need any wet nursing, we want to be the ones to do the pleasing—we are used to it, and fell that it is our right.

—Pvt. Dean Smith, Pvt. John P. Davidson.

No French Girls More Agreeable than American.

Editor Army Edition:—There are no French girls more agreeable or more thoughtful than any American girl. I do not believe French girls strive to please or are more appreciative of little attentions. And I ain't the the only one that thinks that way.

Yours truly,

Pvt. William W. Heins, Co. I, 18th Infantry.

Never Saw French Girl to Compare With His Own.

Editor Army Edition:—I have been six years in the the show business and have dealt with a great many American girls, both on the stage and in social life.

The French girls do many little things for the men, but not any more than our American girls. There are, of course, some cases of selfishness, but the same condition prevails in France and the world over. French girls have never had the many luxuries that our girls have. When a girl has all she wants, she always wants more, whether she is French or American. That is a failing of girls.

Now, do not think I am a woman-hater. I am twenty-eight years old and have gone with the same girl nine years and will marry when I get home. Never saw a French girl that could compare with her.

Yours truly,

Pvt. George F. Cassidy, Co. A, 60th Reg.

In the End the U. S. Soldier is for Sweetheart at Home.

Editor Army Edition:—The great majority of us have not had any opportunity to form intimate acquaintance with French girls. Certainly those who have been constantly at the front have not. And of the small percentage who have, only a few talk French well enough to say more than "Good day" and Good-bye." So even if, in our acquaintance with French girls in their families, we may be struck by certain charming little traits—some pleasant little attentions to which American girls have not accustomed us— still those who have had this good luck will be so few compared with the entire A. E. F. that the American girls need not worry.

As a matter of fact, French girls of good family are inclined to be on the defensive where the American soldier is concerned. They are universally polite, universally attentive to his wants, which are multitudinous and clamorous, but "Promenades," dates or even intimate conversations, they usually manage to evade.

French misses have some very charming traits, and the American soldier is not insensible to them. But no matter how enthusiastically he may have been talking about his latest "cherie," he usually pulls out a faded snapshot of the girl back home and says, "There's the girl for me."

Pvt. Allan P. Spaniger, G 4-918.

American Girls Worth Their Extravagance.

Editor Army Edition:—French girls are nice, but they can't compare with the girls who are worrying so much about their sweethearts and friends over there. We realize that the American girls require a lot of attention, and that they are extravagant in many ways, but they are worth it. This outfit would be only too glad to have their arms around their sweethearts now.

We wish you would publish this for the benefit of the girls we left behind. Hoping this meets with their approval and with all due respects to French girls.

Yours truly,

Wagoner Harold Noll,
Pvt. Tom Gallagher,
Wagoner Benn Kaplan,
Wagoner Reggie Taylor,
Pvt. Jack Quinlan,
C. L. Scott.

Battery F, 72nd Artillery, C. A. C., all from Chicago.

Vote Would be Landslide for the Girls in America.

Editor Army Edition:—We must give the French girl all the credit they deserve. They strive to live up to what they have been taught, and in most cases they do. They are very attentive; they make a fuss over a man, especially an American soldier, because he is new to them. He is also willing to, and does spend lots of money to have a good time; spending more freely than they have been accustomed to, especially in the last three or four years. For a change, or a novelty, the American man likes this new romance, but there is not one of them but who will tire of it. The American girl has studied, and knows the best way to hold his affection, and his respect. Every true American likes competition—he wants that which is hard to get—he wants to show his supremacy. Anything that is offered him on a "silver plate" does not appeal to him.

It cannot be said that the American girl does not appreciate little things. They may not throw their arms about you, or shower kisses on you for little or big things, but you will find that they take note of every effort you make to please them. The American girl is striving to please; striving harder than her French rival, and she knows best what it takes to please. She knows that she must not only please for a day, a year, or even ten years, but that she must please for a life time.

Were it possible to put the question to a vote of the American boys over here, "Which manner do you like better?" in words well understood by the Americans: "It would be a landslide for the girls at home."

—Serg. William E. McClure, Headquarters, 312 Supply Train.

Finds Doughboys Faithful to the Memories of Home.

Editor Army Edition:—For the most part, we are not meeting the upper class French people. Those of us who are stationed well back of the lines in branches of the service probably have had a personal association with such people in their homes. They are fortunate.

Our officers having broader privileges than the enlisted men will most probably be the ones to call their wives "Mam'selle" after the preacher says the words that shall make them one. But, in the short time that I have been in France, I have often asked the question, whether the heart turns back home to the girl left behind or whether it seeks nearer satisfaction. When I have asked it, either within or without my own organization, the answer has always been in favor of the American girls at home.

Our good United States does things in a certain good way. Personally, I hope I may some day marry a thoughtful woman. No man can find a comrade, a pal, in a woman who is not thoughtful, which works both ways. We came over here, many of us, for a great lark and find it a serious business. We want to stay and see the thing done right. We don't want to go home until we can have the satisfaction of a job well done. But when we are on our way we shall be so anxious to again get our feet wet on State Street, that we shan't wait for Pullman accommodations. The most of us take advantage of the first opportunity to renew first hand relations with the girl that has been true.

Whatever may be the comparative general tendencies of the girls of France and the United States, it is after all still a matter of individuals. Many of our girls at home will have lost out by the time the boys come marching home, but it is more apt to be in favor of some quiet little girl that more serious meditation has called again to our hearts than the girls we have met "over here." If our American girls are worried, let them remember that when a man marries, he looks for a companion, and he does not always find that in the girl with the prettiest face or who wears the prettiest clothes or who dances the most gracefully. If I must marry, I'll look for the little woman who can be my helpmate and at the same time teach my children to speak United States.

Few of the boys will remain in France and fewer will return with French wives. The rest of us will beat a path to the door of the dearest memory.

—Serg. Maj. Bryan H. Kyger, 539 Engineers.

Drops Into Poetry to Tell Girls at Home Not to Worry.

Editor Army Edition:

They're all very pretty, as we understand,
And to tease you, or please you, they're just simply grand.
It's a mighty hard question for us just now
For we're plugging and struggling to stop this row.

Our mission to France was to fight and not dance.
So the girls back home need not worry at all,
And the one that's for me is the best in the land,
A girl from our own U. S. A.

—Pvt. Frank J. Courtney Patient Base Hospital 47.

Ex-Y. M. C. A. Men Jailed. Three former secretaries of the Y. M. C. A. arrested last January on charges of embezzling funds entrusted to them have been found guilty by a military court-martial and sentenced to prison. Sentence of fifteen years was imposed upon Geo. B. Schoeffel of Rochester, N. Y. and Rev. Hugh B. Atkins and J. Mansfield of New York were each given ten-year terms.

While divisonal secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Toul, Atkins appropriated for his own use 140,00 francs, most of which had been given to him by soldiers to be sent to their homes. He made restitution of a greater part of this total. Schoeffel was charged with stealing 87,000 francs.

CHAPTER XII.

Riding in French Box Cars.

Eight horses or forty persons." In French, "8 Chevedux ats 40 hommes." This is the way we had to ride for two days and two nights. It was impossible for any of us to sleep. We landed at Barsuraube about 7 o'clock in the morning on the 10th day of May. We did not know where we had to go. We were tired and hungry. There were things to eat but a guard was placed and no one dared to touch them. After a while, Colonel Bennett came around where we were and said that every regiment had its own air, so he said that he also had selected one, and then he said the band will play it for you. That is what we got for our breakfast. After a while, a leader came for us and then we were ordered to put on our pack. We were told that we did not have very far to go. We hiked until noon and then it was just the same. "Just a little way and we will be there." It came supper time and we had just arrived. Hiked from morning until night with a hundred pounds on our back and had nothing to eat all day. We landed in a small town named Movillers. We were marched into a barn yard. From there, we were taken in groups to other barns. We were told to use hay or straw whichever we could find to make a bed. Our kitchen was located in the first barn yard. After everyone had found a place to sleep, the bugle sounded "Come and get it," and this is what we got: A cup of coffee and a hard tack. No use kicking in the army!

We stayed in the village two weeks. Did a little drilling. Was not able to do much on the eats which we got. Meal after meal, consisted of hard tack, a cup of black coffee and sometimes a tablespoonful of potatoes or one piece of bacon.

The first Sunday, Private Orlando and his friend end I took a walk of about six miles to a large city called Brean, quite a nice place. The two, who were with me could talk a little French. In this city was a Napoleon Mochin. We took a walk around Mochin and also looked into it. Some place with its underground tubes! In the rear was a very nice park about one mile square. We had a very nice time. We found a French bakery shop and asked the lady if she would sell us some bread,

After Mask is Off, It is Carried in the Alert Position, Only It is in the Bag.

which she did. We put it into our pocket because she was not supposed to sell it to us without a ticket. We started for camp or cowshed where we slept, and ate our meals in another barn yard about a half block away.

It is quite cold sleeping on a little hay with a blanket spread over it, and a blanket to cover ourselves with.

Well, our time has come to move on to another town, close to Regimental Headquarters, about eight kilometers or five and one-half miles from here. When we arrived in this town we were taken to some barn yards. The one where I was taken looked good and was better than the other one. We started to make ready for a night's rest. We first took some bundles of straw to make our beds, and in came an old Frenchman and said something and started to pull our blankets off the straw that we had land down for our beds and to take the straw away from us. He thought that we were going to sleep on the ground. We reported this to our Lieutenant and he took it up with the Captain and we soon were able to take the straw and make our beds and were then undisturbed.

We stayed here for three and a half weeks. One day an order came to pack up and be ready to go to the trenches at a minute's call, as the Germans were expected to make a drive. We were issued our steel hats or helmets, gas masks, our belt, full of ammunition, and two bandoleers, an extra pair of hob-nail shoes, three days' Res. rations. After we got our pack complete it weighed about 125 pounds. We had to put all our personal goods in our barrack bags and mark our name on it and leave it there.

We left there at 8:30 and hiked until 4:30 in the morning to Brean, where we were to take the train. We slept along the roadside until day light came, then we had some breakfast, some more slum or stew whichever you might call it and hiked on to the train. We had not had any rest all night, and there was some loading to be done and we had to help do it. Well, we were very tired but it is war times. We are now on our way, but we do not know where we are going. We landed at Barsuraube, and again were put in barns. The drive that the Germans were going to make was changed and we stayed at Barsuraube for about a week and a few days. The night before we left, the boys found that in the yard, near where we were sleeping, were some barrels of wine, etc. After dark, they broke open some of the barrels and took all the wine that they wanted. Most all of them who drank were drunk before morning. Everything would have been O. K. but one of them went down to the barrel in the morning and was caught and then an investigation was made by the French, and it was found that a number of gallons had been taken, and the one who was caught had to stand the blunt. Of course, everyone who had any wine the night before helped him pay. It cost him 500 francs. Our Captain paid the bill for them to keep them out of trouble, but the boys did not care, as we were on our way to the trenches to get the Hun.

We left here and hiked on further north in the direction of Alsace. We stopped in a town near the trenches named Bishwelder. We stayed

here about two weeks. One day I think that Fritzie came over and saw us and went back and reported it, anyway, in a short time the wizz bang began to sing and buzz over our heads and kept getting nearer and in a short time landed near our billets and then another and another and so on until one landed near the homes of the French. The German villains were blowing down their homes, killing men, women and children. One old man, about seventy-five years old, and a beautiful young girl, of about eighteen years, was killed, and twenty women and children were wounded and were taken to the hospital. Several were cut with broken glass and shrapnel and stones flying through the air. It did not last long but it was long enough for me. As soon as our artillery located them and started shooting they soon stopped.

The people were moving their beds down in the caves and cellars for the night, because they were very much afraid. None of us got hurt but at the same time it was meant for us and it was just luck that they did not get us. All of the civilians here carry a gas mask, as it is not safe to go without one because the Germans are not to be trusted. They just live to kill everything and everyone that they can. When we get a crack, you can rest assured that we will be much worse with them, so they better be on the lookout as they haven't got started yet, and we did not come over here for any birthday party. We mean business when we get started, and I don't think that it will be long. Well, I am ready to lick the first one I come across. I don't think that he will want any more fights with us Americans. You will see and know later on what we will do to Mr. German and all his followers.

Orders have just come in to get ready to move and to be sure to have all the ammunition that the orders call for, as we would need it in a few days or so. Well, we hiked off again but we only hiked about four hours because we had to go over a mountain six and one-half miles high, the Alsace mountains. We started off again the next morning to hike up the mountain. It sure was some mountain to hike up! The path was a very winding one. At last, we reached the top. One of the men fell in a fit, as he was exhausted. We stayed on the top of this mountain for four or five days, then we hiked off for the trenches.

When the third Battalion was going in the trenches the Germans found it out and they started to bomb the road and made a direct hit on the rolling kitchen. Good-bye kitchen!

When we received word to get ready for the trenches and word that the third Battalion had quite some bad luck, we were cautioned not to make any more noise than we had to on the way. We had orders to have our packet made up and be ready to start at 8:30 P. M. or perhaps a little later, as it might not be dark enough. We dared not hike near the trenches in the day time. Well, we left about 8:45 P. M. We got about a mile and a half and the Germans must have known that we were on our way, for they started to shoot at the road which we were travelling on. For a few minutes all we could hear was the noise of the shells

exploding. Gas signals was given and we put on our gas mask as quickly as we could. We stayed here about ten minutes and then went on. We could not make the trenches in one night, so we stayed over a night in some French billets in the woods. Shortly after we had been there, the Germans sent over some more wizz bangs at us but no one was hurt. Some of the boys did not take off their shoes when they lay down, but several of us did and I was one who did. Those who were dressed went to some dug-out that was nearby. I stayed just where I was, for I thought that if they were going to get me they would get me wherever I went. We stayed here only one day then we started direct for the trenches. On our way to the trenches the Germans sent up fliers all the time to see if we were coming. We hiked down to a brook some place, hiked down with a 125 pounds on our back, stumbling and hearing the stones tumbling into the water. One of the boys fell and sprained his ankle. He was laid up for a month or more. When the French soldiers saw us coming, they jumped with joy, because they were tired and needed a rest. They went out of the trenches as fast as they could go. We were all quite nervous the first night, but after the second night it was a little better though we were a little uneasy. We soon got used to trench life. We stayed in this sector of trenches six days, then we were to go out and have a week's rest before we were to go into another sector. We hiked out by night, back up to the place where we had stayed one night before. We came into the trenches and then we hiked back up on the top of the mountain. We stayed there three days. We received our pay at this place.

We then received orders to go to another sector of trenches on the east side of the mountain. At this place we relieved Japanese. They were little dark soldiers. They did not seem to be a very good type of soldier in our eyes. Just after we arrived in the trenches, and before the Japs could get away, the Germans came over the top. The Japs just stood in the trenches like wooden men, but as soon as we found out what was going on we started throwing bombs at the Germans and climbed up on the top of the trenches and started shooting at them. The Japs tried to pull us down but we ordered them to stop or we would shoot them.

After we drove the Germans back, the Japs started shooting, by holding their rifle in their hand, raising it up as high as they could and shooting. That is the way so many of them got their arms shot off. We always wanted to see what we were shooting at. The Germans soon found out who was in the trenches and did not try to come over again while we were there. We watched them, as a cat watches a mouse. We tried to shoot all of them that we saw. Everything was very quiet. We were very glad when the Japs marched away, as we were quite sure that we could do better without them.

Orders came in that we were to make a drive in a couple of days or so and to keep our eyes wide open and watch the Germans all the time. Later, orders came in that we would go over the top on July 10. We received plenty of ammunition, and artillery came in and trench mortar

machine guns with ammunition for them. We worked day and night getting ready for the drive. After everything was ready and we had worked our heads off, the drive was called off. We all thought that we were going to have a little fun with the Hun but someone higher up got cold feet. If we had the say we would have gone over and got them. We were ordered out of here to go for a rest, so on the 12th, we hiked out of this sector of trenches upon the mountain, from where we first started.

We left the trenches about dusk. We hiked up hill and down. We were so tired out, for we had not had any rest in the trenches, that some of us had to fall out of the line of march. There were five of us who fell out. We came to a soldiers hut, where there was an ambulance corps and we told them that we were all in and that we wanted to stay all night, and they said we could, so we lay down on a canvas cot and fell asleep.

In the morning, we started off up the mountain to find out where our company was. We found them O. K. We first looked for a place to sleep. This we found, then we looked for the kitchen. It was no place to be found. It was reported that it had gone over the side of the road somewhere, and that made us feel worse than ever for we were tired and hungry. We looked around and found a place to build a fire and found some potatoes, which some other regiment had left. We peeled and fried them on something that looked like a griddle. They did not get fried very well but they tasted good just the same. We also found some old pieces of bread, which we ate with the potatoes. Some meal! We stayed here two days then were ordered to pack up, as we were going back of the lines, sure this time, for a little rest, where we could not even hear the noise of a bullet. After a while we started off. We hiked about one mile and then we stopped and were told that we would ride from here in trucks. Then we felt sure that we were going for a rest. We rode about six hours and then were told to unload. We unloaded and lined up and were marched off. We turned to the right and went about a half a mile, then turned to the left and went a little way and came to a woods, then someone found out that we were on the wrong road. We then were halted and told to sit down. We were taking off our packs, when one of the shave tails officers said, "fall in." He did it two or three times. We were all tired, and it made us mad to think that he had led us the wrong way. Finally, a French soldier came along and told us where we were supposed to go and the way to go. We then hiked about three hours to a small town named Hurbock, about three kilometers from the trench in the Voges Mountain. When we came into this town we thought we were a long distance from any trenches.

We were all hungry and orders came around that we would not get any supper that night because the kitchen had not arrived, but there was some bread, which we could have. We went and got the bread. When I went after bread, I found that there were some potatoes there, so I took some of them also. I took them to a house nearby and asked the madam if she would fry them for me and she said, "Oui, oui," which

means, yes, yes; "tout-suite," very soon. Within a short time, I had my potatoes. In the meantime I told a couple more fellows and we three together bought some cheese at a small store and some milk and with all that we had a very nice supper. After supper we went for a walk. We found out that the trenches was not very far away. The French soldiers told us that it was a very quiet sector, and we told them we were glad of it, but that we did not think it would stay that way very long after we arrived there. Well, we only stayed in this town until the next night till dark.

CHAPTER XIII.

On Our Way to the Trenches in the Voges Mountains.

We left Hurbock about dusk with full equipment feeling in A-1 condition. We arrived in the trenches about eleven o'clock. It was some dark when we arrived! This time the portion that I was in was left in support just behind the trenches, about five minutes' walk. We were in and out the trenches all the time. We were to be in ten days and then go out for ten days, but when our ten days were up I was told that I was to stay and be on patrol duty. I was glad to do this, but at the same time I was nervous but went just the same.

The first night on patrol was some night. Some fellows say that they were not afraid to go on patrol. Those fellows were never on patrol. I surely was some nervous. I stayed close to the other fellows to find out how everything was done and just how to do it. This is the way we did patrol work. Speaking about patrol, a good many times people do not know what patrol means. It means this, that from seven to fifteen or forty-five men go out into "No Man's Land," that is between our trenches and the German trenches. Before we do this, we get together and have a talk about what we intend to do when we go out, and sometimes if it is going to be a hard job, we practice. We all go out in the woods and try it out so everyone will have a little idea what they are expected to do when they get into "No Man's Land." The third night I went out with a lieutenant, two corporals and nine privates. We arrived at our point where we were to leap over but it was not quite dark enough, so we sat in the trench a short time and talked about what we were going to do. When it got dark, we leaped over the top into "No Man's Land." When all were over the top, we formed in a diamond formation with the corporal in the center so he could watch every man and so everyone could hear him at all times whenever he gave any commands. We crawled over "No Man's Land" for a couple of hours but did not find anything or see anyone. We decided to crawl over near the German trench, so we did. We went up to the German wire and did not see or hear any thing, so we stayed there for a short while to find out

if we could hear or see anything. We did not see or hear anything so we moved on towards home.

I do not know just on what days or dates the following happened, but I do know that it was in the latter part of July and the first part of August up to the 18th or 20th. The first few nights we only felt of the Germans to see if there was anyone in their first line trench as the report came that there were no Germans in the first line. We did not find any the first time. So one day we planned to go into the first line trench on the following night, and we did. We walked along the ridge of the trench and did not see anyone in there and Sergeant Cole said, "Let's go to the second," so we did, and not a soul did we see in the second, then we went on to the third and no Germans did we see. There was a little town about one-sixteenth of a mile back of the German trenches, so we took a chance and walked back to this town. We kept as low as we could. In a short time, we came to a road running the same way that the trench ran and it led down to the town. We started down, half of us on each side of the road. We had not gone very far before we saw a big German sentry coming up the road with his gun slung over his back and a bugle at his side. As soon as we saw him, we all dropped to the ground and he did not see us. We stayed there until he came almost to us and then someone yelled, "Halt," he did not halt but started to blow his bugle. He only got one note out when he got some hot lead from Sergeant Cole's revolver which took him to the ground quickly. You should have seen the Germans come out of the buildings in that small town; just like chickens when they are getting their supper. Of course, we had to go or we would have been caught. We went back the same way we came. I don't know how we happened to strike the same path. It was just good luck that we struck it. If we had not struck the same path, we would have been out of luck, as the Germans would have cut us off by coming down their commutation trench and filled us full of lead. After we got outside of the German wires, we had to duck or we would have been used for targets but we were too wise for the Germans. It took us quite a while to get back home but we all arrived there safe and sound. We did not get a prisoner, but we are sure that we killed one large Hun and also found out that there were quite a number of Germans in the small village but none in the trenches.

We did not go in the same place the next night. We went further east and found that there were Germans in the trenches. They must have thought we were going to come over to see them, for they kept throwing up light to see if anyone was coming.

The following night, we took a torpedo about eight feet long and put it under the Germans' wire to blow a place that we could go through; the engineers went with us, that was their job. We went to show them where we wanted it and to guard them. Something was wrong with it and it did not go off, only the cap went off. We were lying down at the bottom of the hill in some bushes waiting for the torpedoes to ex-

plode but nothing happened. The engineers wanted us to go back with them to get it, but our sergeant said that none of his men were going up near that tonight, but would go to the foot of the hill and if anything happened would be right on the job. So the engineers went up after the torpedo. We stayed and waited for them. When we got home we looked at the torpedo and found that they did not have it put together right. We were some mad because it did not explode.

Well, we did not bother with them any more. We went out the next night with two lieutenants, five non-commissioned officers and forty privates. We were out to get a prisoner and this was what we were to do: We knew a place where the Germans came out with their patrol so we formed our men like this, as the orders were, we formed our men in a half circle, with each end up by the German wire and about eight feet away from the opening. We were to stay there no matter what happened, and if the Germans came, we were to pass the word along the line so everyone would know what was going on. Someone made a noise and then one officer said, "Hello Bill," that was the other officer's name, and he soon got "Hello Bill." Kaiser Bill sent him over some music. Understand, no one was supposed to run, and the first one who started to run was the officer. The officer said he would shoot the first one who ran. The Germans sent over a heavy barrage at us. Remember, the orders were not to run; but after the barrage stopped I could find only a corporal and six privates so I said, "Let's get together and form a small circle and do what we can if any one comes." We did, and in a few moments we heard a noise in front of us. In the meantime I figured out where we were and what direction to go to get back home. The noise which we heard was the Germans coming to see what damage they had done. It sounded as if there was a whole German army coming, so we waited a short time and then thought that we had better go back home before we were caught or killed. I am quite sure that they would never get us alive as I have never seen an American soldier yet who would be caught by one of those animals. We found our wire but not the same place where we came out. It did not make much difference to us as long as we arrived home safe and sound. We had two gates to go through in our trenches and a sentry at each one, for they are locked at night and when we go out we tell the sentry about what time we expect to be back, then if he hears a noise about that time he will know what is making it. The sentry this time thought that we were all in and we rattled the tin cans at the gate and could not make him hear us, so we unfastened it ourselves as we knew how it was fastened. When we got through the first gate, we met the sentry and I asked him where he had been. He answered, "I was right here," I told him that if he was he must have been asleep. Then I asked him what he would do if a lot of Germans came in the same as we did. "Well," he said, "I don't know," and I said, "I don't believe that you would know anything very long if the Germans did come in."

We came to the second gate and found it the same way, then I thought that the barrage that the Germans put over at us must have frightened the sentries. I told the second sentry the same thing that I had told the first one and to see that he stayed on the job the rest of the night. Then we went on through the trench until we came to the strong point. There we met the rest of the boys who were with us the first part of the evening. I asked them where the two officers were and they told me that they went up towards the dug-out, I was mad and went up to see where they were and found them down in a thirty-foot dug-out, then I told them what I thought of them. I talked to them just the same as I would to a soldier. I ought to have told them more but if I did they might have had me court-martialed, as those shave tails were great for that kind of work.

It was about 5:30 A. M. when we got back to the place where we stayed. Well, as the company that is in the trenches has been there ten days and are going out tonight and the ones who have been out for a ten day rest are coming back, we are not going out on patrol tonight, as by the changing no one would know or think about any patrol and might think we were Germans and take a shot at us.

It is Saturday evening but we can't go to the show or go to see our girls as we would if we were back home, but we know that we can't, so we try to cheer each other and "smile, smile, smile."

Well, the exchange was made and did very well. We had a good rest last night so we are prepared to go out tonight. One of the boys said, "Do you go out on patrol on Sundays," and I said, "Most assuredly," as we can kill them just as well on Sunday as on any other day. Well, Corporal Martin, nine privates and I went out this night but not to the same place to which we went Friday. It was about one mile from that place. We arrived at our place just a little before dark and did not dare to go out in sight, so we stayed at the edge of the woods and talked over where we were going and how we were going. This is what we planned to do: Three men were to stay at the edge of the woods for "get away men." Get away men means, that if we get caught they can go back home and make a report of it. Well, we left the three men and I started out across "No Man's Land" as Corporal Martin told me, as he was in charge of the partol, then the rest followed me. We had not gone far before one of the boys said, "What is that thing moving down there?" We passed the word all along, "Something is coming up the hill, keep all eyes open and don't move or shoot until ordered." We waited just where we were. In a short time we saw a German coming up the hill towards us. We waited to see if any more came. In the meantime, all fixed our bayonets, still keeping our eyes open, then another German showed up, just a short distance behind the first one; then we saw a line of them coming on the left and on the right. Orders were passed along to "Put it to them." We did; everyone started shooting and throwing grenades. We also had a shot gun with us; Corporal

Martin had that and he made use of it. We stopped shooting and then found out that they were still shooting or had just started shooting at us and then we heard a grenade coming at us or a potato masher, as they were just like a potato masher. They made quite a noise coming through the air. When they started to throw grenades we thought that they were making their get-away and we started shooting at them again and kept it up until we thought it was no use shooting any more. We stayed where we were for a short time to see if we could see anyone coming but we could not so went back to the edge of the woods, not because we were afraid, but because they might throw up a flare of light and see us and open a machine gun fire on us. We stayed there about a half hour and then started back home. We arrived home or what we called home, found everybody up with plenty of ammunition all ready to come and help us if we sent for help. The officers then told us that they expected the Germans to make a drive and that he thought that we had stopped them or discouraged them so much that they would not make it. Well, some of us got hurt but if they had made their drive I don't think that they would have gained anything, because we were ready for them in every way. Our men from the lookout post saw the Germans putting a machine gun on top of a dug-out, just in back or a little to the left of an old house, so we were sent out to destroy that machine gun emplacement, which we did. The next morning, when the men went up to the lookout post they could only see a hole where the machine gun was setting the night before. Six trench mortar machines were set in and row and each fired twenty-five mortars; 150 were fired in three minutes. We patrol men were out watching to see what happened after the barrage and also if anyone came out to make it warm for them, but I think that it was warm enough for them without their coming out to receive some more. We liked to make it warm for them.

We are going out tonight and try to go through their lines again, and if we get through again we will get a prisoner or kill more than we did before or they will kill all of us. Well, as you read above we were going out for business. We did go and got very near the German wire when they opened up cross fire on us with machine guns and we were caught in a tight place. We could not get out nor could the Germans get us. If they came out to get us we could get a good crack at them. We crawled around on our stomachs for a couple of hours and finally found that we were in safety, everyone of us, and had not even a scratch. We have been in several tight places and always got out of them. We did not go out last night but found out where we could have some fun for the next night. We heard some Germans singing and it was near a dug-out so have planned to make a raid on the dug-out tomorrow night.

Well, we are to make our raid. We have a little of everything. We are going to put liquid fire in the dug-out. We crawled out over the top and went very slowly out into "No Man's Land" and so on across to the German trenches where the Germans were singing. We placed our auto-

matic rifles on the top of the German trenches, everyone was in his place and then the command was given to the boys. While we were giving it to them, Sergeant Cory went down into the German trench and put the liquid fire into the dug-out which set it all on fire. It made it impossible for anyone to live that was in that dug-out.

Well, today I am going to be relieved from patrol duty and go into the trench in Corporal Bowden's place and he is going to take my place. Lieutenant Stephen is to be in charge of the P. C., where I am to go. There are twelve privates and one corporal there. Almost in front of the P. C. where I was, out in the middle of "No Man's Land," was a factory (some kind of a weaving factory). One day, Corporal Hilton, one private, I forget his name, and I went over the top and slipped down into this factory. It was in the afternoon. From the place where we crawled over we could see the Germans' trench but as soon as we got over we went as fast as we could down in the weeds and bushes which were quite high. We did not stop at the edge of the bushes because a German might see us go and open machine gun fire on us. The reason we went down to this factory in the day time was, that we thought that the Germans had a sentry posted up in the top of it. We got into the factory O. K. We searched it from top to bottom and in every hole and corner. We made sure that the Germans did not have anyone posted there. Some parts of the factory had been blown apart. We had several hand grenades with us in case we needed them. We did not need them but thought that we would let the Germans know that we were still alive so we threw six or eight grenades out into "No Man's Land," but no German stuck his head in sight. If he had, we would have taken a shot at it. When we came back in, some of the boys thought that we had met a German and that we sure had put the finishing touch on him, but we told them that we did not see anything though we had tried to draw some German's attention so he would stick his head up so we could get a shot at him. That is all the excitement that we had today.

I was on guard from midnight until 2 o'clock. I had just posted my relief, gone back in the P. C. for something that I had forgotten and had came back out in about five minutes, for when I was corporal of the guard, I always went around very often to see how all the sentries were making out or to see if anything had happened to them. When I was coming out of the P. C. I saw a wild boar in the trench. It frightened me for a second. I thought at first that it was a Hun, who had got up there, but then I knew that it was impossible for them to get up there as all of our trenches were guarded very well. I looked for the boar but could not find him or find which way he went. Shortly after this, about 12:45 A. M., Fritzie came over with an airplane. He went on past our trenches. First I thought that it was our plane but yet it did not sound like our plane because their plane has more of a buzzing sound to it. He went a little way then turned around and came back so we would not expect him. When he came back and thought that he was near our trenches he dropped

his loaded bomb, but it did not come anywhere near our trenches so there was no harm done.

Each corporal, while on duty, has two hours in which to write everything down that hapened while he was on duty and as near the place it happened as he could judge. The Germans found out one of the places where we came across a small bridge and they tried to blow it up but could not hit it. A sentry was on post and one of the German shells went down in the ground just about three feet away from him but it was good luck that it did not go off. If it had gone off, it would have blown him into——well, some place. He would never have known what struck him.

FOLKS.

There's folks you like to listen to,
  An' folks you like to see
But the folks you like to think about
  Is the kind of folks for me!
Oh, the best of all the folks I know
  Whose talk is grand or small
Is the folks with whom you jes' kin loaf
  And never talk at all.

There's folks you meet upon the way
  That greet you and forget;
There's folks you like jes' for the day
  And leave with no regret
There's friends who though you're far away
  Are friends beyond a doubt,
An' the folks that make the world worth while
  Are the folks you think about.

This is what many of the boys thought of as they spent many days and nights in the muddy trenches.

One time as I was on a small bench in the trench, near the place where we slept, writing a few lines home, a German plane came over and something started coming down through the trees that sounded like hail, and we went in out of sight and things were quiet. We thought that Fritz had gone, so we went out again and I started to write again, when Fritz came back and started to shoot again, then we had to go in out of sight and stay in until after Fritz went away. We do not know if Fritz saw us or not, but then he came our away just the same. No one got hurt, so we should not worry about those little things.

We were only to be in the trenches thirty days, but something happened, and we had to stay thirty-six days. Before we left the Voges sec-

tor, some colored soldiers came there to go out on patrol with us to learn how. We sure had lots of fun with them! Before we went out with them, we told them some of the things which we had done and how near we came to getting caught. They did not say much but looked kind of funny, and their eyes swelled and their months opened. When we took them out on patrol and got out in the middle of "No Man's Land" and told them that the German trench was just a few feet further, they kept very close to us. In a few moments Fritzie sent over a few three-inch at us, and they asked, "What is that?" We answered, "That is nothing," and then one burst very near us. The dirt flew all over us, and one of the colored soldiers said, "Let's go home, I have had enough of it." Just then a machine gun started popping at us. It sounded like a swarm of bees. I tell you we had to lay low for a while. The colored soldiers were not used to patrol duty, so they did not know enough not to talk, but they soon learned it, because, just as soon as Fritzie hears any noise, he starts something going. Sometimes he started us going but not very often, as his noise did not amount to much to us because we were used to it.

CHAPTER XIV.

Leaving Trenches in Voges Mountain about Middle of August.

We are to be relieved tonight by the French but do not know at what time. It cannot be done until after dark. We are all ready to leave.

At 11:45 P. M. the French came in to relieve us. The soldiers came to the P. C. where I was drinking. As soon as we told them what to do we started off. We hiked back to the town named Hurboch, and there we waited for the rest of the regiment. I think that it was about 5:30 when we started hiking again. A billet detail was sent ahead to look for billets so we would have a place to sleep in over night. We hiked until 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon, and when we came to the town or village, where we were to stay for the night, there was not a place to be had our Captain told us. We were then marched into a side street and halted, and here Captain Wood told us to go into the fields and pick out a place under the trees and make the best of it, because there was no place to be found. One of the fellows of my squad and I undid our packs, laid our blankets on the ground, used our underwear, etc., for pillows, put the other three blankets over us and slept quite well, as we were getting used to it. We awoke several times to find that something hard was under us and then we would look to see what it was and remove it. Our trench pick and shovel came in very handy to pick out the stones to help make our beds a little softer. I took off my leggins and shoes so that I could give my feet some rest. I did not take off my socks because our blankets were not large enough to wrap our feet in, and they were uncovered most of the time. When we woke up in the morning the sun was shining bright and everything looked as if it were going to be a beautiful day. In a short time chow call blew, so we hurried up and put on our shoes, grabbed our mess kit and ran to get something, as we were all hungry after the long hike we had the night and day before. I had the names of all the towns written down in a small book but lost everything. We started off again the next afternoon about 1:30 P. M. The billeting detail had gone on before us the same as before. We arrived

in quite a large town. This time, we found that the billeting detail had found billets for us to sleep in. I got a hay loft to sleep in with plenty of hay in it, so I surely had a good sleep that night.

We hiked off again the next day at 12:30 P. M. and felt very well after the good night's sleep. We arrived in a town sometime in the evening. This town was named Arches. Here we got a very good place to sleep. In the morning, after we had breakfast, we were ordered to stay around our quarters, fix up our bed, etc. We were supposed to have a rest here for two weeks, but the Colonel told us, that he was very sorry, but, we would have to drill eight hours every day instead of having a rest, and of course, we had to do it. He said that those orders came from headquarters, so we had to do just what the orders called for. We were taught the new formation which they were using at that time at the the front. We were told that it would be better for each and everyone of us to learn it, as quickly as we could, as no one knew just how soon we would need it. We stayed only a short time here, then we were moved on to another place. We did not have to hike this time; we rode in trucks but were so crowded that we would have been just as well off if we had walked. We rode about six hours in trucks, then we arrived in a small town and were put in a large barn in which French soldiers had been before. At this town, we were given everything that we were supposed to need for equipment. Shortly afterwards, orders came in for no one to leave the main street, as we expected to move 'most any time. The next day, we still had to hang around our quarters, and whenever bugle blew, we were to keep out of sight, because that meant that a German plane was coming and we did not want them to know where we were. An English soldier came over with a plane, going west of the town where we were, to a camp nearby, and he got lost and landed in a field nearby us. He came over where we were and said that he had gotten lost and tried to land to find out where he was. He said, "I landed all right, but the blooming thing hit the post." He broke his machine so that it was unable to be moved by its own power. An auto came after him and removed the plane to camp for repairs. That is the way some people do. If we Americans had never gone over to Europe, some of those people would never have known anything, for an English soldier can't be told anything, as he knows everything and so wont listen.

We left this town and hiked three days and two nights. Just before leaving this town, all knew that we were going over the top, and no one knew if they would ever come back or not. Three other soldiers and I bought some eggs and took them to a French lady, and asked her if she would prepare a supper for us and she yes, or "Oui, oui." We told her that we were going to start for the trenches at Metz in the morning, so we had a good supper. We ate and ate until we could not eat any more. We had a good meal so we will be able to finish a few of the Boche at least before we are so weak that we can't walk. We hiked three days and then got near the trenches where it was not safe to hike in the day

time. It might be that the Boche would shoot at us, or another thing might happen, that is, the Boche might come over with planes and see us and go and report what we were doing.

When we were near the trenches, we always hiked at night. We hiked three days and then came too near the trenches, so we had to hike at night. We hiked nearly all night and when it came near morning came to a halt near the bottom of a hill in a small town. We were nearly all in. Our Captain said, "Just a little further boys," then we went up a narrow path in the woods. Up on the hill there were a few dug-outs that we were put in for the night. We had a little sleep, but not much, as there was not much room. The following day we were all issued new dog tags, or identification tags. Captain Wood, our company commander, gave us a little talk and this is what he said: "Well, boys, I have some news for you. We are about to go into the biggest fight that has taken place." He also said, "I may have been a little cross to some of you boys, but it was not my will. It had to be done. I only did it for your own good. So, let's all cling together and go into this just as we did in our drills back home and with all the pep that you have. I may have a chance to speak to you again tomorrow, but I am not sure." He said, "I have some bread and canned goods for all of us to take with us, because it is not likely that the kitchen will reach us until several days after we go over the top. Do not eat it unless you can't get anything else. You may get fast in a shell hole and unable to get out and if you keep this food you won't starve. The Germans may keep fire over you until they are driven back, but I don't think they will want to stop when they get what we have ready for them."

We hiked away from this place at about 9:30 P. M. We hiked about two hours and then came to a halt and orders came back for all non-commissioned officers to report up front. This is what was waiting for us: Captain Wood, our company commander, told us to circle around him as he had something very important to tell us. He said, "Boys, we are to be engaged in one of the hardest battles that ever has taken place. We are to march up to the trenches near St. Mihiel. We are to be there at one o'clock, as the barrage starts at that time, and we are to go over the top at five o'clock in the morning." We then went back and told our squads all that we knew and warned them to take it easy and to keep their eyes open at all times, and also, when the signal came at 5 o'clock, to go over the top as quickly as possible and get out of the German trenches as soon as possible. We reached the trenches at about 12:55. We had been there only about five or ten minutes when the first gun was fired. We could not hear ourselves think because of the noise of the cannons that were popping here and there. This was kept up until 5 o'clock in the morning, when the signal was given, and we went over the top. The machine guns started popping all around us, and the bullets started humming around us like bumble bees, with shells bursting here and there, and dirt, stones and shrapnel flying through the air. Soldiers were fall-

ing at my right and left, arm off, legs half shot off, also ears, fingers and hands. I jumped into a shell hole and some one started shooting at me, cutting the barb wire in front of me, I thought that it was time for me to leave as soon as I could, so as soon as the bullets stopped coming, I got out of the shell hole and started on again. One of my men got shot in the wrist but not very badly. I helped him do it up with his handkerchief and he went on with us. We had not gone very much further before Private Orlands, one of my boys, got killed. He got shot through the head and died very shortly afterwards. I could not do anything to save his life, because there was not anything to be done. The best thing I thought was to keep on going and get every Hun whom I saw. We went about one mile and a half and then were stopped by machine gun fire and could not go any further until we chased the Huns back or killed them. We had to creep up to the Huns and keep on firing all the time to keep them guessing. We were not long getting to where the machine gun nest was. We got fourteen men with the gun. We wounded the gunner through the neck. We also made the Huns carry their machine gun in with them, and made them carry our men, whom they had wounded, back to the hospital. There was an officer in the crowd and he did not want to do any work, but we made him do it just the same. Another time, we caught an officer with some others in a dug-out, and he wanted to take his dog robber, or the soldier boy who waits on him, along with him, but we told him that he himself would be a dog robber for some one else. He got very angry. He could talk some English, and by being able to do so, he thought that he would do just as he liked, but he soon found out different. After we had sent the prisoners back with guards, we went on to get some more. We had not gone very far before we heard the noise of shells coming over. In the meantime, while getting the machine gun nest, we lost our company and then had to find them. The shells got dropping near us but we kept going on just the same. Dead Germans and dead Americans were lying all around us. We came to a woods, which we had to go through. We kept a sharp lookout for stray Germans who had played 'possum. We came in sight of our company, but the shells and bullets were coming too thick for us to go direct to them, so we had to take it easy and go a little ways at a time. The shells were bursting all around us but we kept on going. We soon got up to where our company was. We would go a little way and then we would have to stop, because the shell fire would get too warm for us. We kept going on slowly and in about an hour reached our company. As soon as we reached our company and reported to our company commander, Captain Wood, and told him where we had been and what we had been doing, he told us to dig a hole large enough to lie in, and deep enough so we could get down out of sight. We got busy and made ourselves a hole to get into, because the Germans were sending the shells and machine gun bullets at us. Night was coming on fast, and it was very hard digging, but we were glad to do it and did it as fast as we could. At last, I finished and

then took my rain coat and laid it on the ground, as I did not have any blankets. My pack got too heavy to carry, so I took it off shortly after we started over the top. About 7 o'clock, one of the sergeants came over to me and told me to take three men, and as soon as it got dark, to go to the right of our company and about three hunderd feet ahead of them and keep a look out for anyone who might come from the German line, and report everything that I heard or saw. If they got coming too thick, to give them all I could, and at the same time send one man back with what information I could. We took our rain coats with us, and a couple of the fellows had a blanket, so we laid them down on the ground and then lay down on them. I had three reliefs, and each one of the three I had with me, was to be on watch an hour and then wake one of the other fellows up, and if they saw anything or anyone coming, they were to be sure to wake me up before they did anything. We were all dead tired and dead for sleep. I did not go to sleep for quite a long time, but I finally fell asleep. Someone woke me up saying, "Corporal, Corporal, Corporal, some one is coming." I grabbed my rifle, which was at my side, in case I should need it. I saw a man off to my right. I did not think that it was a German, but almost before I could do or say anything, someone said, "Shall I shoot?" and I said, "No, I don't think that it is a German." By this time, all four of us were looking at the man to our right. I took one man with me, leaving the other two there and telling them to keep a sharp lookout all the time. We two, then went slowly down towards the place where we had seen the man get up. When we arrived there, we found out that it was one of our own men, who had been walking around. I sure was glad that I did not let my man shoot or he would have killed one or our own men. I then told them to be careful where they were walking, as the fellow, who was just out there walking around, is lucky to be living at the present time. I then went off to my left to see what was there and found some more of our men, and further on, found some more, and I told them just what had happened and just where I was located and where the other posts were stationed. About 12 o'clock a patrol was sent our from our company to see or find out what was over in the woods, which was almost in front of us. They were gone about three hours and then came back in with the report, "Not a German to be seen." They reported that there were three cannons in the edge of the woods but not very much ammunition, and that the cannon seemed to be in good condition; there was also one dug-out but with nothing left in it.

About 10 o'clock that next day, Captain Wood came over to my hole and said to me, "Take ten men and report to Regimental headquarters to go after some rations back to our kitchen." We arrived back to our kitchen, but our cook told me that the mess sergeant had started off with our rations with some other boys from other companies. I told the boys about it and we sat down and rested a short time and then started back again. It took us about an hour to walk back to our company. All of the boys were good and hungry but had to go back without anything to eat. I

reported to Captain Wood that we had reached the kitchen and what Cook Pierson had told me. You can judge for yourself how hungry we were, when the last meal we had was about five o'clock on the afternoon of the 11th day of September, the next at about 12:30, the 13th day of September. At about four o'clock word came that the mess sergeant had been killed by heavy shell fire on his way to us. Some of the rations were found. The bread, which he had, was no good for us, as it might have gas on it, but the canned goods were O. K. Some more bread was gotten, so we did get a bite to eat. This is what it was: A small piece of bread, a can of salmon and a can of pork and beans to be divided among seven of us. It was just a smell but that was better than nothing. It is almost dark and the Boche are still shooting at us but have not hit any of us since we have been here. We have been looking for a counter attack ever since we stopped driving them. If they start, we have everything ready to give them just what they are looking for.

CHAPTER XV.

Over the Top Again, September 14th.

Orders came around about 4:15 P. M. to get everything together, as we were going over the top to finish up the rest of the Boches. A barrage was laid down for us about three to five minutes before we started, 4:30 came, and the signal was given. Everyone started when the time came for the first wave to go. I was in the second wave. The Captain was in between the first and second wave. He said to us, "Give them hell, boys, for they made you do all the suffering that you have gone through." And believe me, we sure gave them hell. We knocked them right and left. They were there by the hundreds, trying to stop us, but nothing doing. Our orders were to go forward and we always did as we were told. The bullets were coming faster and faster from their machine guns, and then they started artillery fire on us, along with the rest, and it made it quite hot for us. Our boys were getting killed right and left. Many of them wounded, legs off, hands, arms and fingers shot off. It was an awful night but it set us wild, and our American blood just started to boil and the Germans were getting thick and close to us. My rifle got empty and I did not have time to put another clip in it, as a big fat German was coming toward me and I had to do something quick. I looked at the shining cold steel bayonet coming and I knew that the only thing that I could do was to use my bayonet on him, and I did. There was only one thing, either he gets me, or I get him, and I went right after him full force. I soon pulled my bayonet out of him. Then I started to put a clip of ammunition in my rifle but did not have time, because there was another almost on top of me. I think that he came out of a dug-out near by, and I was still mad as I could be, to see what they had done to some of our boys that I had passed by. So I rushed at him with my bayonet. I hit him in the chest. Some of the other fellows did the same as I and some of them got what we give the Germans. I almost got it myself. I came almost missing one, as he was very large, and hit my gun with his, or, as we call it, he parried my rifle off a little, but not enough to get me. When he fell, he fell towards me and his bayonet hit me on the thumb

and cut a little, but I did not care for that, as I did not count that anything. Well, that put more fighting blood into us and we kept on going after them and made it warm for them. I had not gone very far after our bayonet fight before I stopped one of those pieces of lead that they sent at us. I sure would have liked to got the one who gave it to me. It hit me on the left muscle. If it had been a little further over to the right, I would not have been here at this time to tell you what little I did for my country. At the same time, I was gassed with chlorine, which today bothers me when I get a cold, or get where there is too much cigarette smoke I start to cough. I also received a shrapnel wound in my right leg. That is not much when you say it quick. But I am not going to kick about that. The only thing that I am kicking about is, that I have not been able to figure out why we were stopped on November 11, 1919.

It was the 11th month, 11th day and the 11th hour when I was taken from the battle field to the hospital in the city of Toul. I was not wounded or gassed so bad that I was not able to walk. I could use my right arm, so I took a prisoner with me. I slung my rifle over my right shoulder and used my revolver in case the prisoner should turn on me. I am sure that it would have been a dear turn for him.

The hospital at Toul was a vacation hospital. I was kept there four days. I was glad to get away from there, as we did not get enough to keep a bird alive. We were taken to the railroad station by the ambulance. It was a French hospital train. Here is something I almost forgot. Before we went to the hospital in Toul, we were taken to a field hospital for first aid, where we received something hot to eat as we were about starved, and it sure hit the spot. We got first aid, then we were taken in large trucks to Toul, some ride! We were all played out, almost dead. Such a thing as that in which we rode! A two-inch plank on each side for a seat and we rode for about three hours. It was dark, and the chauffeur did not dare to use any light. M. P. were stationed at every turn to tell anyone or everyone where to go. But the thick heads did not even know which road the hospital was on. If we asked one, we asked a dozen, and none of them seemed to know where the hospital was, so we had to look ourselves for it. We felt like killing all of the M. P. We found the hospital about 3:30 o'clock. We ought to have been there about 1:30. It was the M. P.s' fault we did not find the hospital before. I stayed at this hospital four days and then was sent to vacation hospital, No. 66, at Neau Chateau. We had our wounds dressed every day and in the evening we used to take a walk out in town for a short time. It seemed very good to be free to take a walk in safety. At this hospital we slept in tents. Some place to sleep! but we did not mind that. We had been used to sleeping any place. We were at this place only five days and then were sent to Base 22, at Orleans, France. We left about noon again in a French hospital train. We received soup for our meals. We arrived in Orleans at night and were taken to the hospital in the ambulance. We had to be examined before we were given a bed. Then we were given something

to eat, as we were good and hungry, as all the French gave us was soup, which was more water than anything else. I was put in a ward. Shortly after we were all attended to, we were given something to eat. It was beans, but nevertheless, they hit the spot. We were given a full plate, two slices of bread and a cup of coffee. We all fell asleep very soon, as we were tired and our wounds hurt us. We would sleep a while, then would wake up, because our wounds hurt us. If we were not wakened up by our own wounds paining us, it was by some one else groaning.

The next day we felt very well. We knew that we were in a place where the Germans could not hit us and at night had a bed to sleep in and were quite sure that we would get better and that our wounds would get healed in time.

There were some French nurses and American nurses here. Some pretty ones on both sides and they all seemed very nice to us. This is a very large hospital. There are fellows near me who are from different regiments and divisions but not one from my division. I have asked if there were anyone here from my regiment or company, but it seems that they all have been sent to some other hospital.. There are quite a number of fellows here who were gassed. My regiment was in a sector near Toul and driving towards Metz, through St. Mihiel. I saw quite a number of my company killed and wounded, with fingers, hands and legs off, others, wounded with shrapnel, had the calf of their leg taken off and others, hit in the head, were still living. Just think of this, put yourself in their places or mine, passing them by, trying to kill all the Germans that you see. We were not able to stop and help our comrades. It was best for us to keep on going and get rid of all those animals. You could see them lying in most any place you looked. We took 15,000 prisoners. I do not know how many we killed or wounded. We did not mind seeing those lying on the battle field. They were just the same as dogs to us.

After the battle was over, we took a walk over the ground on which we had just fought to see who was dead and so make a report to the captain.

At the base hospital in Orleans, I saw a Scotch soldier with his leg off. It was blown off by a shrapnel. The soldier was about twenty years old. On September 27, 1918, the doctor came in and told us to get ready and bundle up well, for we were going to be moved to another sector of the hospital across the river. I do not know the name of the river. We got all of our personal things and put them in our Red Cross bags. Before we left this sector of the hospital, we played a joke on the doctor. He had a can of chocolates in the corner of the closet, where he kept his medicine, and some one saw him put it there, and it was passed around and we soon finished his can of chocolates, then we fllled it up with paper. We thought that before he would think about his candy, we would be gone, but we got fooled, he looked for it before we were gone. Someone told him that the nurses took it. We did not care because he had plenty of money to buy more with and could easily get it, while we boys could

not get it. He was an officer with a sam-brown belt. These were the only Americans that our American nurses would go out with or speak to on the street, so can you blame our boys for going out with the French girls every time they had a chance?

Wounded Soldiers Working in Medical Room in the Hospital.

CHAPTER XVI.

Happennings from Day to Day.

These wards in the hospital are very large and are wide enough for two beds sitting cross ways, and there is an aisle in the middle of the ward. Most of the wards have forty beds.

Well, we have been moved across the river to another sector of the hospital, because the sector from which we came was nearest to the railroad station and when a hospital train came in they had to have room there for them. The wards here on this side of the river are twice as large as the others were. There are eighty beds in each one.

My wounds are healing quite well but I suppose that I will be here for some time yet, for I don't suppose that we will be allowed to go until we are all healed. All our clothes have been taken away from us. We lie in our beds and tell war stories to each other night and day. A French lady comes around with American papers, the "Daily Mail" and "The Chicago Tribune," which are printed in Paris. We take turns buying the papers and after we are through reading them pass them along. A Y. M. C. A. man came in, the first I have seen in the town. He said "Good morning" to us, and I asked him for some writing paper. He said that he did not have any to give us. We thought it very strange that he had not a piece of writing paper, because we read about the money which is being taken up every day back home for us boys over here to give us what we want. I do not see where all the money goes! After two or three weeks, I was able to walk around the yard of the hospital in my convalescent suit because we could not get any other to wear. There were about seven or eight hundred patients in this hospital. After my wounds were healed, the sergeant in charge of the hospital asked me if I was able to take charge of some men, and I told him that I thought I could, as I felt quite well, but I would like to have a uniform, and he said that he would get one and also a pass so that I could go up town every night. I then asked him what there was to do. And he said, "I want you to get as many men as you think you will need and have enough potatoes, onions, etc., peeled for the mess sergeant." I went to the mess sergeant to find out what he wanted

done, and he said that he wanted about four bushels of potatoes peeled every day and sometimes sliced or checked for army slum; or fried for breakfast. I got myself six men and told them what they had to do and that the sooner they did it they would be through for the day, and that I would see they got a pass every evening to go up town, so it was very easy to get all the things done which I had to do. After a week had passed, I had a uniform for all of my men. Several of the soldiers here are getting along very well. The Red Cross has a hut in Orleans on Rue de Jeanne d'Arc. It is full every night, because there are seven sections of the main hospital, so that means there are plenty of American soldiers. The Y. M. C. A. is not here in the city where it is needed. They are not much good, wherever they are, only to get every cent that we have. The French canteen does not charge for anything, tea or hot chocolate. It is free to either the French or American soldiers. There is a great deal of difference between our canteen and the French. The French are here to help us and the American is here to rob us.

Well, today is Sunday and I am feeling quite well, so Private Stanley Arents and I took a walk across the river bridge to the city of Orleans. We had never been able to take a walk in Orleans before, as we were not able to do so. We saw several young French girls and some American nurses, but the Americans would not look at us soldiers because we did not have a sam-brown belt on. We should worry! After we stood around and took in all the sights, we took the street car and went for a ride to the outskirts of the city. When the car came to the end of the line we got off and took a walk further out into the country where the grape vineyards are. We looked to see if anyone was near or looking, and then we went in and took off our hats and filled them with grapes and then started to walk again and ate our grapes on our way. We got back near the car line and sat down to rest. A lady came along on the other side of the street, and when she got across from us, she came over and asked us if we wanted information. We said, "No, thanks, we are only tired, as we have just come out of the hospital and are not very strong yet." We had quite a talk with some French people who came out and asked this lady many questions, which she asked us and then interpreted what she asked us to the French. We enjoyed her company very much. This lady could speak very good English, as she had been in different parts of the United States for seven years. She had also been in London, England. She said that she liked to travel but not in war time. I asked her why she did not stay in the the U. S. A., and she said her parents were in France and were getting old. I do not know who this lady was but I do know that it gave us great pleasure to have a talk with her.

On Sunday, my men, who peel potatoes, only peel a little while in the morning, because they go for a walk in the afternoon to find a French girl. On Monday, there is plenty of work to do, because there are not enough potatoes for Monday's dinner and the boys have to peel for Monday's dinner and Tuesday's dinner.

We had more men come to the hospital and I did not have enough help. I have eleven men at present. Today, I had four bags of potatoes, three and a half bags of turnips and one bag of onions to peel. It took about eight hours to do all this. The turnips and onions had to be peeled and sliced. My men have been working very hard today and I had to be around to see if they were doing it as I wanted it done, for it is better to do it right the first time than to go over it again. We all went to bed early tonight as all were tired.

Private Carling, one of my men, and I went for a walk, taking a different direction from any we had ever taken before. As we were walking along, we passed a house where the gate was open, and turning around, we looked in and saw a couple of men turning something around. Then we went in to see what they were doing. We found out that they were making wine. We helped them finish out the press which they were working on, and the boss gave us a drink of wine. We then continued our evening walk. We came to a large grape vineyard, went in and got some grapes and then went on towards home. We were walking down the road and passed another grape vineyard. We had just passed it, when a man rose up in the center of it and started saying something to us and sent a little dog after us. I think that he thought we had been in his grape vineyard but we hadn't. We chased the dog back home. It takes more than a little dog to scare us, as we have faced larger things than that and never ran from them. I was not very tired when I came back. The head cook had to bake a cake for the officers and I stayed up and helped him. Believe me, I had some of the cake also! The head cook and I are very good friends. When he wants anything extra done, I have some of my men do it. We have 875 men here and it takes some spuds to feed that number of men. It takes about seven bushels of spuds every day. The cook had some eggs, and as we felt somewhat hungry, we fried some. We did not get anything like that when we were up in the line chasing back the Germans as fast as we could, so we are making up for it now.

Today we signed a casual pay roll, which will give us forty-five francs. It is about $8.25. It is not very much, but it is better than nothing, or in other words, better than to be broke. Sometimes we go for a walk with no money in our pocket and see things that look nice and we like but can't get, because we are broke. When we were in the States, just before we came over, the Y. M. C. A. man told us that we would not need much money because everything was so cheap, but I am quite sure that he did not know what he was talking about, for everything is very high; even our own men rob us of everything that they can. I will tell you more about it later. When the Americans came into a French town, the prices jump up twice as high as they were before, for they think that all Americans are rich or lined with money perhaps, because most all American soldiers have gold teeth or gold fillings, but the French have another think coming!

This afternoon airplanes were flying around and the streets were crowded, with men, women and children looking at them. While standing

here, a couple of French boys said to me, "Why kind of planes are they?" I told them. They understood me very well. They were planes that go over the German lines to find out what they can and take pictures of everything that they see. I told them several things and answered several questions which they asked me. After the airplanes went away, they asked me to go for a walk with them, so I did. I enjoyed the afternoon very much.

Today an army band came to the hospital and played for us men in the hospital. Every man who could get out of his ward was outside where the band was. The army band is to be in Orleans for three days. This evening an American soldier and a French soldier had a boxing bout at the Red Cross hut. After the first bout was over, the heavy weight Frenchman and Mr. Carpenter, star man, boxed with him. They went four four-minute rounds. It was good, what there was of it, the only trouble was, that it did not last very long. In between, the band played for us. It was very good. The hut was crowded, jammed to the doors.

It is the 31st day of October; we are all feeling happy. Why? Because Turkey has given up and in a short time we expect Germany to do the same. Most of us wish that we were able to go back to the front again and get another crack at the enemy. Well, I hope that the boys give them as much hell as they have given us, and I would like to see the Allies destroy the German towns, as the Germans have destroyed towns, then they would have some idea what war is in that respect. Before we Americans get through they will be taught that we can fight as well as they can, if not better.

On the 2nd day of November, our mess sergeant was twenty years old, and we got together and fixed up a supper for him. We took a table from the mess hall and put it in the kitchen. When we got it all fixed, it looked very nice. All had a very nice time, that is, the cooks and a few sergeants and corporals. The cook made one cake twelve inches wide, fourteen inches long and eight inches thick. Of course, there were some bottles of vin blanc and vin rouge. In English, this means, white wine and red wine. No body got drunk because there was not enough wine.

I had a picture of some of the boys taken while peeling potatoes one afternoon. I wanted to get all of them but some of them had gone to their barracks.

CHAPTER XVII.

November 11th, Armistice Day.

Well, today, at the 11th hour, the 11th day and 11th month, the whole world is once more rejoicing. The noise of battle is over, the roar of cannons has ceased. We can have all the lights on, go where we please and feel safe. We do not have to think, "Well, those dirty animals are still fighting, and we never know when it is going to stop." We are glad of it in one way, and in another way, we wish that we had never given them the chance to sign any armistice but just kept on going after them and killing them as fast as we came to them. We ought to have gone right on and wiped them off the map, but we had to listen to our commanders, or to the officers, who were in charge. If we could have had our own way, we would never have stopped for any white flag. We would have fought all the harder and made them give in and gone right on into Germany and destroyed every city and village which we came to, because they did it to our allies whenever they got a chance, but we did not get our wish, so there is no use kicking. In the afternoon and evening of the 11th day of November every person was happy. All the civilians started to parade in the streets and sing. In the evening, every body was marching in the street and having a good time. Some of the people stuffed a pair of overalls and a jumper and called it the Kaiser. They marched all over the city shouting, "We have won the war, so now, let's get the Kaiser and shoot him or burn him to a stake." In this city of Orleans we paraded the streets three afternoons and evenings until 11 o'clock. The city was well decorated. It was very nice.

I saw a piece in today's paper stating that 1,000,000 soldiers will be held in France to do guard duty in Germany. I suppose that all the Regular Army units will have to stay over to do that work.

Several of the papers, the last part of November, hit American girls very hard.

Many Girls of America Might get Some Points Here.

Editor of the Army Edition:—"You ask if the French girls are more pleasing than those left behind. In more ways than one I think that they are.

First, they are more thoughtful and agreeable than most of our American girls. They think the man is it and will do most anything to please him and not ask for anything in return.

Second, a French girl does not care, who or what you are, if she likes you. If you have cents, franc, dollars, or dead broke, it is the same to her. When you call on an American girl, she looks for a box of candy in one hand and a ticket for the opera in the other.

Again over here, I find the difference in the two. In this city of Orleans, we have several American girls, having come in here on passes, as nurses, Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. canteen workers. They wont notice a soldier, but if they see a sam-brown belt coming, or one or two shoulder bars or an eagle, why it is "Hello, how do you do, where are you from, and how long are you here?" And then they walk off together. That is the only kind that shines with them. But the French girl cares not if you are a buck private or what you are. I am thinking that there will be quite a few of the A. E. F. left in France when the war is over, at least, some will come back to get a real wife, who will settle down with him and do what there is to be done and not hire a maid if he wants his supper ready when he comes home after his hard day's work is done. Of course, we can't go back on the American girls, but it would do some of them good to come over here and get some points from the girls who, as you say, are brought up from infancy to make people happy."

This is a beautiful day, and we are about through with our work. We were about finished when a couple of nurses came in from base hospital 202, sector 1. They had a camera with them, and I asked them if they would take the picture of my potato peelers. Some of them had gone away, but those who were left got into the picture.

I have become acquainted with several French girls since I came to the hospital in Orleans. Some of them can speak English and I can speak some French. Saturday afternoon I took a walk to the French market on Place du Chatelet. I have plenty of time so took everything in. It is very nice to see everything here. When you buy fish you buy them alive. The boss will kill them if you wish. At this market you can buy most anything you like.

I have an engagement with a French girl tomorrow afternoon so will go home early and get a good night's sleep, for I can't tell what time I will get back tomorrow evening. * * * * * * Well, it is Sunday morning and it looks as if it were going to be a nice day. I have finished all the little jobs which I had to do. Private Heipneir had an engagement with a friend of my girl friend, so we went together to meet them. We met them at the station at 2:30 P. M. The girls could speak a little English and we could speak a little French, so we got along very well for the first time out together. We passed by the theatre and stopped to look at the signs on the outside. It read in English and French. It sounded as if it were going to be good. The girls asked us if we had permission to stay out so we could go to the movies, and we told them "Yes," but we

didn't have any money, for we had not had any pay in a long time, and they said just like this: "Cele ne fait rien jai de largent dans men forte monsil." It meant, "That is all right, I have money in my pocket." So, we went to the movies, though the girls had to pay the way. Our friends were working girls and had to work hard every day (ten long hours). After the show we went almost home with the girls, but before parting, we made an engagement for Wednesday evening. Then we started for home, as well call it, the only home we had. We arrived home at 12:15. We were not supposed to be out in town after 10 o'clock, so we had to go around the back street that the Military Police could not see us and so arrest us. We did not go any place until the next Wednesday evening, then we went out to meet our friends. We went for a walk in the park near the station. On our way back, we met a French soldier with a lady, whom I knew. She stopped and asked us where we were going. We told them for a walk. Then she said that they were going to the movies and asked us why we did not go with them. Our friends told them that we were dead broke, and when she told her friend about it, he said to come on, and he would pay the way.

PREPARING THANKSGIVING DINNER IN ORLEANS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Thanksgiving Day in France.

Well, Thanksgiving day is here again. If you look back at Chapter VI., you will find the same name but there is a difference in the year, and not only in the year, but in several other things. Here are a few of them: Since last Thanksgiving day, just a year ago today, there is a great difference in me. A great many things have happened since that time. I have been in many places in France, in places that were very nice, and in places that have been hard to get out of, but I will never regret it, as I have had a wonderful experience. It has taught me many things and given me something that I can never forget all my life. I have been over the top twenty-two times; twenty times on patrol duty, and twice making drives. I have seen Americans killed and wounded, and also French. I have killed and seen the Boche killed, and I am still able and willing to kill more of them if there comes a time when it is necessary. All of us Americans, who were in any action, have seen some wonderful sights and have seen men mowed down like hay, just as you read in this book. You may think that what I have written is not true, but it is. If you don't believe me, ask any other soldier that saw action over there. Don't ask a Y. M. C. A. man, but ask the Salvation Army man or woman. They can tell you what it is like. Ask any soldier about the different societies, which were over there, and ask him which did and cared for him most at the front. I was at the hospital on this Thanksgiving Day, and I was thankful for a good many things. First of all, that I was living; next, glad that I was able to be around so quickly, and thankful for the things which we got to eat on this Thanksgiving Day.

It looks like rain. It is very damp but I think that we well have a good time just the same. We had a Red Cross bag issued to us today from the people of the U. S. A. This is what was in mine: One hand towel, soap, comb, tooth brush, shoe strings, hair brush, two boxes of P. M. cigarettes and two sacks of Bull Durham, two packages of chewing gum, two cakes of chocolate, one pack of cards, one pack of dominoes. There was a card in it with the name of the person who sent it, Miss Louise

Bates, New York. It gave her address and I sent a letter this afternoon thanking her for what she had sent to me.

This afternoon the French Home Society gave a dance for us boys. Several of us went. It was not only a dance, but there were plenty of good things to eat, and believe me, we ate them. In the evening the Red Cross gave the soldiers a dance and no officers were allowed. Some of the nurses came, but a good many stayed away because there were no sam-brown belts allowed. Get me? But we had a good time. The officers would come to the door, but we had a guard there to stop them. We danced until 11 o'clock.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Well, I feel quite tired tonight, as I did not get much rest last night, and it is raining quite hard and is very dark, I think that I will stay home. Our light was not burning, and as I had a newspaper that I wanted to look at, I went down to the French store, just around the corner. When I got in the store, they asked me what I wanted, and I had forgotten how to tell them that I wanted a candle, so I took a pencil and paper and drew a candle on the paper and then they understood what I wanted.

Well, I have not been feeling anything extra and it has been raining quite hard and not fit for a man, who is not feeling well, to go out. On December seventh, the Red Cross girls from Pair came to Orleans and gave us a dance in the French dance hall, which they had been using for a hospital. It was quite a nice ball, no officers allowed this time. The officers got sore because they were not allowed to come, so the head officer stopped the nurses from coming to our dance. We danced until 12:15, some evening!

On November 28th, Sunday afternoon, I went out for a walk all alone. I went up to the park. I walked up and down the park, and after a while saw a French girl pass by. She had another French girl with her. A couple of American soldiers were sitting on a bench in the park, and I said to them, "That looks good to me." I decided to speak to the girls when they came back, so I walked around until they came back and then said in French, "Bonjoun vou promenade avec moi?" In English, "How do you do? Will you go for a walk with me?" One of the girls said, "Non," English, "No." But I was not satisfied with that answer, so went along anyway. I could talk a little French, and as I walked along with them and talked, they answered me all the time. I think that we walked about three kilometers, which is about two miles. We went into a cafe and sat down at a table. One of the girls' sister and her little boy joined us, and we had a glass of wine and talked a while, then went out to finish our walk. We then started towards home. I did not know where the French girl lived, but we kept on walking. In a short time, after we passed the center of the city, she stopped and said, "Well, I am going home now, so will have to bid you good-bye." I made an engagement to meet her at Joan of Arc statue at 2:30 P. M., and then went back to the city to walk

around a while, as there was not use going to the hospital, for I was now too late for supper. I walked around for a short time then went to the hospital and to bed.

Well, the week seemed to go very slowly. 'Most every night my friend, Charles Heifner and I went for a walk somewhere, either out in town or to some grape vineyard to get some grapes. We usually got what we went after. Well, Sunday has come again, and I have an engagement this afternoon with a French girl at 2:30, at the statue of Joan of Arc.

It is the 22nd day of December. Christmas will soon be here. To think that I have to spend Christmas here! It wont seem much like Christmas. I would like to shoot a German myself for Christmas. It is about 2 o'clock, and I have to be up in town at 2:30 o'clock. You can bet your life that I will be there! Well, the young lady came about the time that we had set and went for a walk and enjoyed it very much. After we had a little walk, we went to the movies. While we were in there, it started to rain. The movies were very good. When we came out of the movies it was raining very hard. My friend's two sisters were with her. We started towards her home, and when we got to the corner where she turned and where she always bid me good-bye, she did not stop or did not say that I could go home with here but just kept on going. In a short time we turned into a hall, which led up stairs and then to a door. It was her home. I I was quite surprised, because she had told me when I asked to go home with her, that her mother did not know that she was going with me. I was introduced to her mother, brother and brother-in-law. Her father was not home. About an hour afterwards her father came home and I was introduced to him. He also greeted me very warmly. I had supper there and had a nice talk after supper with all the family. They asked me several things, but I could not answer all they asked, because I could not speak enough French to do so. When it came time for me to go home, I asked Mademoiselle Gay if I could come to see her Christmas afternoon and she said, "No." The reason that she said, "No," was because her French friend was there, and when I asked her if I could come, he looked at her and shook his head. I thought it over when I got home and decided to go over Christmas afternoon anyway, so when the time came and I had my dinner all over and everything was ready for the cook to prepare supper, I went. It was dark when I had been there, and when I left I counted how many blocks it was to the main street. When I walked towards Mlle. Gay's house I counted the blocks, and when I came to where I thought it was time to turn in, I turned. I walked around the block three times before I found her home. At last, I found the right door. It was a six family house and there were six bells at the door, three on each side, and I did not know which one to ring, so I stood there a few moments, and before I could figure out which one to ring, I heard some one coming down the stairs and I looked to see who it was. It was Mlle. Gay's brother, so I was in luck. As soon as he neared me I said, "Bonjour," which is good morning and then, "Vou soeur maison maintenant," and he said, "Oui,

Mlle. Gay at 16.

oui." Then turned and went back up the stairs and told his sister that the American was coming to see her. I then went up the stairs and knocked on the door and some one said, "Come in." Mlle. Gay was supposed not to see me, as she had told me that I could not see her Christmas afternoon, but she was glad to see me all the same. I enjoyed the afternoon and evening very much. I seemed somewhat more like Christmas to be in a home. I went home, or back to the hospital about 9:30 or 10 o'clock. Of course, I tried to make an engagement for Sunday ofternoon, but Mlle. Gay's sister from Pair was there and was going home Saturday morning, on the 10:30 train, and she said that she was going home with her sister to stay until the following Thursday afternoon, but would be back in Orleans about 7 o'clock. I was sorry that she was going, as I would not have any place to go while she was gone. I went to the station Saturday morning to see her off. Just before the train pulled away, she asked me to meet her at the train Thursday evening at 6:30 or 7 o'clock. I told her that if I was not sent away, I would be there. The four days that she was gone seemed like two weeks, for I thought a lot of her because she seemed to me to be a very good girl, a home girl. Mlle. Gay worked in a factory about two blocks from her home. It was a sort of a clothing factory. She started work at 7:30 A. M., came home for dinner at 12 until 1:30, and then worked until 7 o'clock. By the time she got home and had her supper it was almost bed time. Well, to get back to the beginning, I could hardly wait until Thursday came. At last, the day came. I was up at the station at 6 o'clock waiting for the train from Paris. There were quite a few people waiting for friends to come in on that train. While I was waiting, my friend, Charles Heifner, came into the station and asked me what I was doing there. I told him that I was waiting for Mlle. Gay to come in from Pair.

CHAPTER XIX.

Mlle. Gay Returns.

My, how happy I was! The train had arrived and I was looking for my friend, Mlle. Raymonde Gay, to come in sight. My friend, Charlie Heifner, was also looking as he knew her, for he met her about a month ago. At last I spied her coming in the crowd. She waved her hand at me as soon as she saw me; she must have been looking for me. She came up to me and gave me a kiss. My friend Charlie was surprised to see that but we did not care. We went home at once as she was hungry and I longed to see her. She was glad to get home again and I was glad to have her come as I had no place to go while she was not at home. Well, I did not stay very late, and she asked me if I was coming over the next night, and of course I said, "Yes, if you don't mind, or your parents wont say anything." She said, "That is all right, my parents won't say anything, for they like you." It is a good thing to be on the right side of the old folks! Well, as my friend has to work until 7 o'clock, I did not go over to her home until 7:30. I gave her a chance to eat her supper. I called about 8:45. She had just finished her supper. Her father said, "Why did you not come before this time?" I said, "I wanted you to have a chance to eat your supper." He said, "Well, after this, come as soon or as early as you can; it does not make any difference to us if we are finished supper or not." The next night was Saturday, and the family usually go to the movies on Saturday evening. Mlle. Gay said, "Come over tomorrow evening and go to the movies with us." I told her, "No" and then she wanted to know why and so did her father and mother. Well, I had to tell them the reason, I hadn't any money, not even a cent, to pay our way. Mlle Gay said, "That is all right, I will pay the way." I said to her, "That is not right." She said, "Come, that does not make any difference, because you are a soldier, and it is not your fault that you have no money." Well, I think that I have surely fallen in love with Mademoiselle Raymonde Gay, and I think that there is not another girl who can take her place in my heart. I made up my mind to ask her to marry me, on the evening of January 15th, which was on Wednesday. Well, I called on

her that evening, about 7:15. After supper, we were having a nice little chat, as you know how it goes when in love, and one word brought on another; finally I asked her if she would marry me and go to America with me. She did not say anything for a few moments and then answered, "I will give you your answer tomorrow evening." She said that she would have a talk with her mother in the morning. Well, it came around 10 o'clock and that was my leaving time. Her parents had never seen us kiss each other. When I got my things on and was ready to leave I looked around to see where Raymonde was and she was on the other side of the room. I did not feel like leaving without kissing her good-night, so I said to her, "Venez ice," come over here. She knew what I wanted and said, "No," but came over slowly. I took her hand and drew her to me and then gave her a good old American kiss. She blushed rosily, and looked at her mother. Then I said, "Good-night, I will see you tomorrow evening." She said, "Oui, oui," or yes, yes. Then I went home and to bed. I could hardly wait until the next evening came to receive my answer. I called the next evening and asked her what the answer was. She said, "I did not ask mother, I thought that you had better ask her when you came this evening." I had arrived a little early, before they had had their supper, and of course, they asked me to have something to eat. After we had supper and everything was done, we all sat around the table playing cards. About 9 o'clock we had tea. That was the time that I asked her mother if she would give me her daughter, as we both loved each other and wanted to get married after I finished with the military service. Then the fun started. Her father was asleep in the rocking chair and he woke up and joined in the subject. He started talking French to his family. He talked too fast for me to catch it. After he had finished, I asked Mlle. Gay what her father said. He had said that if we both loved each other that he was willing we should get married, but not until after I was finished with the military service. I told them that I was soon to leave the hospital and join the 85th Division and start home, and as soon as I was discharged I would come back to France and then we would get married. He said that would be all right and so did her mother.. We both felt very happy after we found out what her father and mother had to say. Well, we had quite a talk and it was getting late. Time seemed as if it had wings. I went home feeling very proud and happy. I went to see Mademoiselle Gay every evening during the remainder of the time I was in Orleans. The last two days that I was in Orleans my friend did not work. We went for a walk each day, for we both knew that when I went away it would be a long time before we would see each other again.

I got orders to be ready to leave and go to Le Mon and join the 85th Division. I got everything ready and went over and told Mlle. Raymonde that I was going away in the afternoon and that I would leave some of my things there and go up to the hospital officer and find out what time the train was to go. I went up but no one knew. They told me to come back in about two hours. I went back and told what news I had received and

asked her if she would go up with me. She got ready and about 10 o'clock we started up to the office. I got orders to be ready and be at the office at 3 o'clock. Before I left the hospital, as I was mess sergeant for the last month and a half, I had to take inventory of all the rations I had left and then telephone to the quartermaster to come and get the rations, as I was going to turn the kitchen over to the unit of the engineers who were here to repair the roads. I also had to take inventory of my cooking utensils and turn them over to the hospital across the river. It took me two days to do this. It all had to be done before I left. I was glad when I had it finished.

On January 23, 1919, 350 soldiers left here to join the 85th Division. Most of the boys are gone from here; the few who are left are going tomorrow. I am to go Saturday, the 26th. I am almost ready. I hate to leave my friend, or wife soon to be, behind, but the sooner I go, the better it is for me. Saturday came and there were four more to go with me. We arrived at the station but the train was loaded and we could not find any place for ourselves. Mademoiselle Gay, her sister and sister's mother-in-law, went to the station with me. When I told her that there was no room on the train for us she was glad and all three told me that I had to come down to the house and stay until the next train went. When I told them that it did not go until 5 o'clock in the morning, they said that made no difference, I had to go with them. First of all, I had to go back to the office at the hospital, and explain why we did not go and tell them at what time the next train went and get a place for the fellows to sleep for the night. I went home with Mlle. Raymonde Gay, had supper and stayed until 3:30, and then left for the hospital to get the rest of the fellows up and get ready to go to the train. As soon as the train came in we got on. It was hard for me to leave Orleans, and hard for Mlle.. Gay. She did not want me to go. She clung to me until the last moment. We are engaged and are to be married as soon as I can get back to the States, get discharged and sail back to Orleans.

My orders were to go to Le Mons and there join the 85th Division. We arrived at Le Mons about 12:30. We had to change at the city of Canarry at 10:30 and were supposed to get a train there at 11:10 A. M., but it was about one hour late, so we did not get into Le Mons until 12:30 A. M. I had to report to the R. T. C. at Le Mons, to get orders and transportation to the place we had to go from there. Our orders were to go to Conley, and the train did not go until 4:19 P. M., so we got permission to go for a walk out into the city of Le Mons. There were five of us. We were hungry and stopped in a cafe, but the only thing that we could get was a cup of coffee. After we drank that, we went on our way. We walked for about an hour then returned to the station again. We had a very nice walk and saw many different things that are not found in the States. The trolley cars here look like circus wagons. When we got back to the station our train was there so we got on it to make sure we would not get left this time. We arrived in Conley at 5 o'clock. There we met some more

casuals who came from other hospitals but were ordered to join the same division, so we all went with them. A guide met us at the station to take us where we were to sleep. It started to rain, and believe me, it did rain, and we did not have any place to go for cover. We kept on hiking in the rain fifteen or twenty minutes and were then halted near a church. The officers, who were with us, said that there was no place for us to go, so we tried to get into the church but the door was locked, so we had to stay out in the rain. After we were soaking wet, some rookies came and said, "I think that I have room back here in a cow shed and hay loft for all of you." We were glad to get into most any place out of the rain so we went around back of the church. The lower floor of the barn was filled up, so we had to climb up a ladder which was almost broken in two. It was hardly safe for us to climb up.. We got up and got some of our wet clothes off, and then began looking for something to eat. The kitchen was not far from us, so we went to see if we could get something there. We got some corned beef, hash, coffee and bread and then went to bed. We stayed here two days then got orders that we were to move on to another town named La Bazoge, where we were to be equipped in full for our home trip.

CHAPTER XX.

On Our Way to La Bazoge.

We left Conley about 11 o'clock, on the 26th day of January, and hiked to a small village named La Bazoge. Here we were told that we would have to sleep wherever they could find a place for us. We were marched up to the upper end of the town and were halted in front of a barn. Some place! not even a bit of straw or hay to make a bed. First Sergeant Roache, Sergeant Sanford, Corporal McJenkins and I looked at the place that we were given to sleep in and said, "This is no place for us." We decided to go to some of the French people's houses and hire rooms for ourselves. We started out. Corporal Jenkins and I could speak a little French so we did the talking. While we were knocking at the door of one house, a shave tail of the 85th Division came along and said, "What do you want there?" When we told him, he said, "You can't get any room there because I am rooming there." He thought because he had a gold or brass bar on his shoulder that he was better than a soldier, but we didn't think so, or anyone else with any brains would not think so. Those are the kind of men who think they won the war and have never been under gun fire. Some nerve! I wish I could meet some of them in civilian life, I bet that they would not talk to me as they did at that time. Well, we went to the house across the road and asked for a couple of rooms, and the lady said she only had room for one as the other rooms were for officers, then she sent us back across the road where she said we could get a place for all of us. We went just where she said, and sure enough, we found two rooms which cost us a franc per day, for each of us, or twenty cents in our money. Then we went back to the cow shed and got what few things we had and brought them down. We were there only a few days and some of those shave tails, second lieutenants, got sore or jealous because we had just as good a place to sleep as they, so they tried to make us go back to the cow shed, but we took it up with higher officers and they gave us permission to stay where we were. The reason we did not want to sleep in the cow sheds was, that we had just come from the hospital, and our wounds were not any better than they should be.. We were

not very strong and did not want to take any chance and have to go back to the hospital again, for then we would not be able to go home for some time later.

Sergeant Sanford, who was staying with us, was taken sick and was sent to the hospital at Le Mons. I think that he had the "flu." Corporal McJenkins and he were sleeping together and that left McJenkins to sleep alone. We hated to see him go, but it was the best thing to be done. We had a kitchen but it was cold to eat there, so the people where we were rooming said that we could eat in their kitchen. Sometimes the people of the house ate at the same time we did. We used to laugh to ourselves at the things they ate. Most every meal they had soup. They were only a man and wife and they both ate from the same bowl. You ought to have seen them eating!

We do not have much to do here. We get up when we get ready. We usually get up about 8:30, and if breakfast is not over, we go and eat about 9:30 or 10 o'clock, we three go out in the back yard and take a half hour's exercise. It is good for us. We do it for our own benefit. We take a walk in the afternoon of about four kilometers, which is two and one-half miles, then we feel like eating our supper. At night, we go to see the old folks and have a little talk with them. It makes it seem a little like home.

It is February 12th; I am feeling fine this morning so have taken the broom upstairs, swept our bedroom, brought our blankets down and hung them on the line to air. We get all the fresh air we can as we do not want to get sick, for we expect to leave here soon and go to the sea coast at Brest and sail from there to "God's Country." I think that you know where that is located without my explaining it to you. I received a letter or post card every day from my friend Mlle. Gay of Orleans, Lairet, France, and I write to her every day. I have asked for a pass to go and see her. The pass is supposed to come tonight. If so, I will be off in the morning for Orleans. Well, we have had supper and I have to go to the orderly room to see if my pass came in with the mail. I am a happy boy. My pass came. It gives me three days after I arrive at Orleans. I will be off tomorrow morning on the 8 o'clock train. * * * I am all ready and waiting at the station for the train. This railroad is only a one-horse road. It has a very small engine, but it gets there just the same. I arrived at Le Mons at 9 o'clock. It took me about fifteen minutes to walk to the other railroad station. My train was due to leave from this station at 9:15. I had to change at Chartres. I had to watch out for myself to see when I came to Chatres, for there are no conductors. By getting a train so early at Le Mons I thought that I would arrive in Orleans about 2:30 or 3 o'clock. I had written a letter saying that I would arrive at this time, but when I arrived at Chartres and asked what time I could get a train for Orleans, the girl said, "7:30 this evening." I arrived at Le Mons at 1:30 and had to wait until 7:30. I had to hang around Chartres six hours, and they were long hours to wait. Well, I took a walk out into town, came

Mademoiselle R. Gay, My Friend, and Myself.

to the park, walked up and down the park and then I thought that I would send a telegram to my friend, telling her that I would arrive about 10:30 or 11 o'clock. My train left Chartres on time, but we got about half way and the engine left the train, and as a result, I arrived in Orleans at 12:20. My friend received my telegram and came to the station at the time that I was suppose to arrive, after being there at 3:30. Her sister and brother came to the station with her at 10 o'clock and stayed there until 12:20 when my train came rolling in. I went home with her and stayed until 2 o'clock and then went up town to see if I could get a hotel to stay at until I was due to go back to La Bazoge. I went to the largest hotel and applied for room, but they did not have any. The police was near and took me to three or four more but I could not get a room any place. Then I went around to the hospital. The first one I saw there was a guard. I asked him if I could stay there for the night as I could not get any room in the hotels, and he asked me if I had a pass, and I told him that I had and showed it to him. He then told me where I could find a bed. I soon found it and fell asleep, as I was tired, for I had been on the go ever since 8 o'clock of the morning before. I woke up at about 7 o'clock, dressed and went up to my friend's house. They had just gotten up when I arrived. My friend went to work in the morning, just to tell her boss that she would not be in any more until Friday morning. I had a very good time while I was in Orleans. I did not have to look for a room at the hotels, I slept at Mlle. Gay's sister's house for the time that I stayed in Orleans. I stayed until 5 o'clock Thursday afternoon, as that was the last train I could get. I had to change at Chartres on the way back but only had to wait an hour for a train. That was not very bad, but when I arrived at Le Mons at 12:15, I had to wait until 4:30 for a train for La Bazoge. In the meantime, I fell asleep in the station and almost missed the train. I awoke at just 4:30 and ran out of the station in time to catch my train. The railroad station at La Bazoge is three kilometers, or one and five-eighth miles from the town. I arrived home at about 5:30, went to bed, slept until 10 o'clock, got up, washed and felt fine.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

I feel lonely and sad today, after being in a large city and with my sweetheart, to come back to this small town with no place to go. Oh, I have the blues! I hope that we don't stay here very long!

February 25, 1919; this has been a very rainy day. We soldiers do not mind rainy days after having been in the trenches and hiking around day and night, sleeping in cow sheds, barns, hay lofts and along the road sides or most any place that we could find to lay our heads. Sometimes, while trying to get a little sleep along the roadside, Jerry would send over a few high balls and make us get up and put on our masks; but no Jerry. Jerry is finished, we can go to bed and sleep and not be bothered until breakfast time. We do not hear any roar of cannons or popping of machine guns, but we still hear the bugle blow in the morning at 6:15, and

this is what it plays, "I can't get them up, I can't get them up in the morning."

Today, there was a marriage here, a French officer married the daughter of the hotel proprietor. They were married at the church. After they were married they walked back to her home. Her husband stayed with her a few days and then went away and she has never heard of or seen him since. I have been in France nearly ten months, and this is the first time that I have heard real thunder. I have heard thunder from cannons, etc., but never real thunder like this. I have a detail of five men today, to wash 125 pairs of salvage shoes. It took the five men about four hours. While they were washing the shoes, I went down to my room and wrote a letter in French to my sweetheart in Orleans. It is the first day of March and a very nice day. At 12 o'clock tonight the time is to be set one hour ahead.. All of us casuals, who have our record with us, will receive back pay. My record is here so I signed the pay roll, for I have seven months' pay coming.

On the 4th day of March we had general inspection of our equipment by our General and his staff. We passed our inspection O. K. There were a few things which we did not have, but we have to be inspected at the port of embarkation. We are quite sure we will pass all right.

These are the articles which we have to have:

Shelter half, 1.
Pack Carrier, 1.
Tent Roof, 1.
Tent Pins, 5.
Underwear, 2 pairs.
Field Shoes, 1 pair.
Towel, 1.
Comb, 1.
Tooth Paste, 1.
Coat O. D., 1.
Mess Kit, 1.
Fork, 1.
Cup, 1.
Cover, 1.
Gas Mask, 1.
Shaving Brush, 1.
Razor, 1.
Ammunition Belt, 1.
Bayonet, 1.
Slicker, 1.
Wound Stripes, 2.
Overseas Cap.
O. D. Gloves, 1 pair.
Blankets, 3.
Hamper Sack, 1.
Tent Pole, 1.
Socks, 4 pairs.
O. D. Shirts, 2.
Shoe Strings, 3 pair.
Soap, 1.
Tooth Brush, 1.
Trousers O. D., 1.
Leggins, 1.
Knife, 1.
Spoon, 1.
Canteen, 1.
First Aid Pack, 1.
Helmet, 1.
Shaving Soap, 1.
Mirror, 1.
Rifle, 1.
Overcoat, 1.
Service Stripes, 2.
Collar Ornaments, U. S.
Box of Shoe Grease, 1.

All of these things, except what we wore, had to be displayed so the officers could see them.

On the 9th of March the casuals of the Third Army were paid. There was not a man who did not have less than four months and up to ten coming to him. All had a large number of francs coming to us. A franc is about seventeen and one-half cents. I drew 1,038 francs, that is, after my insurance of $6.30 a month and two casual pays of $10 each was taken out. I thought the best plan was to give the Lieutenant one thousand francs to keep for me, I kept the thirty-eight francs to spend, for I thought when I got back in the States I would need it more. At this time I think that there was more money in the town of La Bazoge than there ever had been. There is about 1,500,000 francs which is in our money. Well, to give you something to do, I will let you figure it out for yourself. As soon as the French found out that we had plenty of money they started to raise the prices on their things. Most all the cafes were filled up the next day but not that evening, because it was too late before we got our pay. The cafes are open only certain hours to the American soldiers, from 10 to 11 in the morning and 1 to 5 afternoons and 7 to 9 in the evening. But, believe me, as soon as the time came around, the boys who drank were right there on the job.

CHAPTER XXI.

Starting for Brest, the Port of Embarkation.

Well, we have everything ready, and this morning are ready to start for Brest. We left La Bazoge about 11 o'clock and hiked to Conley, where we were to take the train. It was quite a hike to the train. On our way, we passed the 77th Division with pick and shovel working on the road. That is the best place for them as they were no good at the front, only the last battalion, they had to stay where they were, for they could not get away. We arrived at Conley and were served with cookies, cigarettes, gum and hot chocolate by the Red Cross, but the Y. M. C. A. gave it out, as the Red Cross have not enough help, while the Y. M. C. A. have plenty running around the large cities. This happened about 6:30, then we sat down along the roadside and waited for orders to load on the train or box cars. About 9 o'clock we were loaded in box cars, but this time it was American box cars. There were fifty-six of us in each car, crowded in just like cattle. The train pulled away at 10 o'clock. We rode all night and all the next day, arriving in Brest at 8:30 in the evening. We were unloaded and marched over to a nearby kitchen where we had a plate of slum and a slice of bread. We then went back to where we unloaded, put on our packs and marched up to the Pontenezore Barracks. I landed here when I came over, but there has been a great change. When I came over in May, 1918, there were only tents with 2 x 4 planks to sleep on, but now it is built up and bunks are made of chicken wire; that is a little better than sleeping on 2x4 planks. The barracks looks like a little city, I think that it will hold about 150,000 soldiers at the present time. When I landed here, May 1, 1918, it would hold only 15,000 or 20,000. This week's issue of March 11th, gives figures as follows:

Official Report.

Division	Killed A.	Died of W.	Missing in A.	Prisoners	Total
1	2,203	1,050	1,739	106	5,248
2	2,716	1,329	1,067	148	5,260
3	1,901	589	3	254	3,617

(Official Report Continued.)

Division	Killed A.	Died of W.	Missing in A.	Prisoners	Total
4	1,500	618	817	51	2,986
5	970	505	969	60	2,304
6	49	67	3	3	122
7	175	98	50	3	326
26	1,388	660	462	354	2,864
27	1,302	404	376	150	2,194
28	1,544	553	1,174	619	3,890
29	597	220	297	33	1,117
30	1,084	415	251	22	1,772
32	1,694	708	768	43	3,213
35	596	217	808	112	1,772
36	358	116	393	2	869
37	658	289	303	0	1,250
42	1,702	723	440	95	2,950
77	1,275	552	529	336	2,692
78	915	239	508	63	1,825
79	830	352	1,142	15	2,389
80	676	337	286	96	1,355
81	203	86	79	2	270
82	808	524	271	189	1,592
88	20	37	7	6	66
89	838	427	256	4	1,525
90	936	327	237	35	1,585
91	934	275	470	23	1,702
92	109	15	47	5	211
93	372	105	8	4	489
	28,499	11,812	14,095	2,748	57,117

I have ridden in French box cars and American box cars. The French box cars are marked in French, "40 hommes or 8 sholvex." That means, 40 soldiers or 8 horses. The French box cars are about the size of one of our 300 class trolley cars, and forty of us with our packs had to get into one of them. We did not have room to stretch or even rest or sleep. I am quite sure that I have had my last ride in box cars. We were here about a week and did not do anything towards going home. At the beginning of the second week, we had cootie inspection and a bath, and two days days after that another bath and a couple of days after that, the bath house caught on fire and burned to the ground. Then we were held up for a week until a new bath house was built. The third week an order came in for eighty-five men to go on detail and eight non-commission officers consisting of seven corporals and one sergeant. I did not happen to get on the detail. When they came back in, I asked some of them what they

were doing, and they said they had turned into a labor battalion, the same as the 77th Division, using pick and shovel. Seventy-five more had to go on detail tonight at the dock but I was lucky. Sergeant Herman, Corporal McJenkins and I went for a walk down to see the movies but the place was full so we did not see any. We then decided to go to the Salvation Army tent. When we got there we found it full. We first heard the rattling of dishes, so went in to find out what was going on. First, we found a long line circling around the inside of the building. The Salvation Army women were giving out hot chocolate and apple pie. We got at the end of the line. The line started in the center of the building and went around, around and around until it came up to the counter. We got in line at 7:25 and when we reached the counter it was 8:12, so you can see that we were in line just forty-seven minutes. We received a large piece of apple pie and a big cup of hot chocolate for the small sum of a dime or a half franc. It was worth all the time which we spent getting it. I think there must have been 500 or 700 in the tent all the time. The line kept moving with no delay but it did not seem to get any shorter. You can hear the boys all over the camp talk about the good the Salvation Army is doing, for the boys not only here, but in any place you find them. They are always doing good work for the boys. If the Salvation Army had been given the backing, which some of the other organizations had, they would have done more good, because they could and would have been in more places.

On the 21st day of March we had inspection of our packs. The way they were done up, etc. This is the way we had to have our packs made up: One blanket, one suit of underwear, three pairs of socks, toilet articles. This we rolled up in our shelter half or half of a tent, and then strapped in into our pack carriers. Our helmet, gas mask and extra pair of hobnail shoes were put on the back of our pack; then we rolled up two blankets, folded them into horse-shoe shape, tied them over the top and down the side of our pack, making a very neat pack. Everyone had to have his pack done up just the same. We went for inspection this way and the only fault the inspector found was that one soldier had a poor pair of shoes. An inspector has to find something to turn in to hold his position. When we came back from inspection, we were told that we were all to be on detail tonight. At 7 o'clock, we were called out in front of our quarters, lined up and had roll call, then were marched down to the main road, loaded in auto trucks and taken down to the dock to work in the store houses there. Of course, we non-commissioned just had to look wise and see that the boys did a little, but not enough to kill themselves.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

A few days have passed and we are still here in Brest. Yesterday, I went for a walk around the camp. I was looking at the stone quarry. There are about two hundred soldiers working there, getting crushed stone ready for the roads here, for they are in very bad shape and need to be repaired as there is plenty of traffic over them night and day. The main street here

in this camp has a board walk on both sides of it, for the traffic is so great, that there are strict orders out that everybody must always keep on the right side of the road going and coming. I do not know just how many kitchens there are here but I have seen one numbered 16. We eat at kitchen No. 6. From what I have found, each kitchen feeds on an average of 5,000 at each meal. This is at the rate of 250 every minute. You may not believe this, but it is true nevertheless.

The Boys' Latest Song.

"Darling, I am coming back,
Lighter threads among the black,
Now that peace in Europe is near;
I'll be home in seven years.
I'll drop in on you some night
With my whiskers long and white;
Yes, the war is over, dear,
And we are coming back, I hear,
Home again with you once more,
Say by nineteen twenty-four.
Once, I thought by now
I would be sailing home across the sea,
Back to where you sit and pine,
But I'm stuck here for some time.
You can hear the gang all curse,
War is hell, but peace is worse;
When the next war comes around,
In the front rank I'll be found;
I'll rush in again pell-mell,
Yes, I will, like hell, like hell."

The day on which the armistice was signed there were in France 1,950,000 officers and enlisted men. There have been the 5th Marines and National Army men landed since, who are doing guard duty at Camp Pontonsezers, Brest. Up to this date, March 21, 1919, more than 500,000 troops have set sail for home.

This morning, the 25th day of March, we were to go down to have a bath. We went down to the bath house, but what we got I would not call a bath, though, it is called a bath in the army. When we arrived at the bath house, we were told to take off our leggins while we were waiting for the bath house to get empty. In a short time the door opened and we were told to come in. In the first room we were given a bench to put our clothes on, told to keep quiet, remove all our clothing, except our undershirt, and wait for orders. While waiting, we were looked over by a doctor.

A short time after we got orders, to remove our undershirts and march through the door in the rear of the building. This was the bath room. Here the guard told us not to make any noise as we would get into trouble and also get a cold water bath. The water was turned on and some yelled, then it was turned off and we thought that we were going to get the famous A. E. F. yell but we did not. The guard told us that we would find soap in the boxes, alongside of the wall, and to soap ourselves well but not to put it in our hair. The soap did not look good to most of us, so we did not use it. The water was turned on again for three minutes and then off, at about the time it got started well. Some bath I say! We then went back out through another door where we were issued a suit of underwear and a pair of socks, then back to the dressing room to dress. Our underwear was too large and the socks were not mated. There was no use saying anything or it would be the worse for us. On this day, Secretary Daniels made a visit around through this camp. I got the camp news today and this is what I read: "Secretary Daniels has inspected this camp and found that all the boys had bunk mattresses in their bunks." I have not seen any mattress yet in any of the bunks. I had a detail one day to put up some tents and change some others, and I saw some mattresses in those tents but no one was staying there. I told the boys what was to be done, and then went in one of these tents where there were cots and mattresses and lay down. In a short time, I fell asleep. I was tired and had not had a good sleep in two weeks, as what we sleep on is chicken wire with one blanket over it and it makes our sides sore. We turn all night from one side to the other, but no one can get any rest that way. It was also stated in the paper that we had a good water supply, but sometimes we cannot get any water to even wash our hands and faces and do not have enough to make coffee or to wash our dishes. The dishes are hardly fit to eat from. My hands were so dirty that I was ashamed for anyone to see them but it was not my fault. As long as I was in the trenches, I was never as dirty as I have been here. We knew where we could get water, but it was outside of the camp and the guards would not let us go there. We could not blame the guards, for that was their order. There are about fifty miles of board walk around through this camp. Some of the roads are built of large timbers. Of course, there is plenty of mud here. You should see the boys come in after they have been working! One day, I had a detail and we had to pull turnips that belonged to the French people. We had to farm for the French people. One of the officers came over where we were and said to me that the men were not doing enough. Then he said that we do not make casuals work and we want those men to work. I then told him that I and all but two or three of the men were casuals. He then turned around and went away and I never saw him again.

During the night of the 30th day of March, 1919, it snowed about three inches. It is the most snow that I have seen in France. Today is Sunday, the sun is shining bright and the snow is going fast. I went to church this morning at 10:30 and enjoyed the sermon very much. In the

afternoon, Corporal McJenkins and I went for a walk. It was a beautiful afternoon. We were not allowed to leave camp as we did not have any pass, but we went our limit until the M. P. stopped us. Some French people and sailors came in camp this afternoon to look around. In a year from now, this will be a little city. After we Americans are all gone, the French will have a nice little city here. In the evening, Corporal McJenkins went to church with me. This sermon was also good. The preacher told a joke: He said that the reason we are called dough boys is that the Secretary of War was a Baker.

Well, today is the first of April and we have orders to be ready to leave here in twenty-four hours, therefore, we have to get ready. We have our packs all rolled and evrything is ready. We just ate our dinner, it is our last meal here.

CHAPTER XXII.

Leaving Brest.

On April 2nd we left Brest and marched down to the dock, but before we left the officers inspected us and also told us that we were not to talk to each other, because if we were caught, we would be pulled out of line by the M. P., as there would be officers and M. P. all along the road. We were to be very careful what we did all the time until the boat left for America. We started away from our quarters at 12:30, went to a small field and there were inspected by our officers, afterwards we were marched off. The distance was about three miles or five kilometers. We arrived at the docks and while marching to the gang plank were given by the Red Cross, a sack full of a little of everything. There was also a band there to give us some music. We never opened our mouths until we were up the gang plank and on the boat. Then we were permitted to talk. We first loaded on a small boat named "Tudno," which took us out to our ship. It toook us about fifteen or twenty minutes to go out to the ship that was to take us back to God's country. At about 4:30 were aboard our ship, Rotterdam, a Holland liner. On it were some civilians from Rotterdam who were going back to America after having been held in Germany until the war was over. They had come to Germany for a visit and the war broke out while they were there and they were not permitted to go back. This was the first trip which the Rotterdam had made since the beginning of the war. At last we had our supper, but it took a long time for all of us to eat. I think that I was in line about three-quarters of an hour. I stayed up on deck after supper until 9 or 9:30 o'clock, then went down to my cabin and went to bed. There were six of us in one cabin. I was tired, took off my clothes and rested very comfortably. I was in Brest eighteen days and had my clothes off only one night. It was too cold to sleep with clothes off so I kept them on. I had five blankets but used two of them for a mattress to cover the chicken wire and the other three to cover myself and still was cold, for the draft came in under our beds. Our beds

were three feet from the ground. You may think that I meant to say floor, but I didn't, for there were no floors in these buildings in which we stayed, and they were cold. We were allowed only so much wood each day and our wood would not last us so we could not keep a fire all night. The first night on board ship I did not sleep very well, for I was not used to that kind of bed. We had very good cabins. The men were loading the ship all night and in the morning were still working. We went up on deck in the morning, as soon as we had our breakfast, to look around. The civilians threw some money down at us to see us catch it. One lady threw an English five dollar gold piece. I do not know who got it. One of the men called me over and told me to hold my cap, and he dropped five Holland ten cent pieces into it. We sailed away from Brest on the third day of April at noon. We kept very quiet from the time we left the camp at Brest until we sailed away, as we were told that if we made any trouble that we would be taken back to the camp and made to work for six months at hard labor in the labor battalion. The second day we were on board ship, we were issued overalls and jacket. While we were in Brest doing all kinds of dirty work, we did not have anything to keep our clothes clean. I think that the reason why we had to wear overalls was, so that we would not be allowed to go up where the first and second cabin class passengers were. Only the first sergeants, the officers and shave tails were allowed there. Some of the boys were up there talking to the girls and the officers got jealous and ordered us to put on the overalls, which we would be issued in the morning. Also orders came out to put on guards to keep us down where we belonged. If we did go up where the first and second class passengers were, they could see us very plainly as we had on our new uniforms. The commander of the supply train, which we casuals came home with, went to the Captain of the boat and told him that the soldiers would scrub the decks of the boat. The captain responded, "I am running this boat and I have men to do that work. The soldiers have done their bit, and they will not do any work for me on this boat." The commander of this 310 Supply Train was an undertaker in civilian life, and I think that he is looking for work as soon as he gets out of the army. The Germans did not kill us, but it looked as if he were trying to do it. Not one of the casuals had any use for him.

I have not been feeling well for the last two days as I have been feeding the fish, for I was a little sea sick. When I awoke Friday morning, I was not feeling very well but went to breakfast just the same. At about 10:30 I started to feed the fish and lost what I had eaten for breakfast. I did not eat any dinner as I did not feel as if I wanted anything to eat, but when supper time came, felt as if I wanted something to eat. When some of the boys came back from the first table, I asked them what they had for supper and they said, "Bread, cold meat, beans and pickles," so I decided to go and get some pickles as I thought they might settle my stomach. I ate two pickles and a piece of bread and brought a pickle and piece of bread back with me for breakfast. This is our fifth day

Standing, Ben. Gilmore, Pvt.; Robert A. Scudder, Corp.; Sitting, Joe McJenkins, Corp.; William Bradley, Pvt.

of sailing and all we can see is water. I saw one ship yesterday. Ships are very scarce. It is a very nice day though a little windy and when it is that way we cannot go so fast. The sun is shining and I believe that we are getting near God's country. I am quite sure that we are on the right road to the U. S. A. or the sun would not be shining.

Well, we are still sailing and I think that we ought to be able to see some sight of land in a couple of days. My company is on guard, and I took a walk up to the first and second class passageway to look around and see what was up there and what they were doing. While I was walking around, I passed a young girl and as she looked as if she wanted to speak, I said, "Hello," and she answered by saying the same. One word brought on another, and I found out that she was an American girl. Some of her relatives are Hollanders and she and her parents had been over to Holland to visit them, and while there the war broke out and they were held until this time. They would have gotten back before the war but the daughter got sick and they had to stay until she was better, and by that time her father had to get their passport renewed, and the German government would not renew it.

We have now left the white caps out at sea and the water is very calm. We went twenty-four knots further today than we did yesterday. We watch the map very closely every day at noon, to see how many knots we go each day. It shows us which direction we are going and tells us how far we have gone. Today, the crew have been getting the large ropes ready so we will be able to dock as soon as we get there. The boys are singing, dancing and playing and are very happy to know that we will soon be in God's country.

At last we sighted land, just a little before noon, on our right. Just a little before noon on the eighth day, and we boys yelled for joy. As soon as the boys down below heard us yelling they came running up to see what was going on. We have forty-five miles to go from today at noon. It wont take us very long to arrive in New York.

I have been looking at the scenery all afternoon. We have passed the Statue of Liberty. It is the first time I have seen it. You should have heard the yell go up from the boys! Our happy day is here at last. We have landed in New York Bay. We arrived here just too late to go into dock so we had to anchor for over night. We stayed up quite late last night to see the lights in the bay. When we got up in the morning, it was very foggy and we had to stay here in the bay until almost noon. While we were waiting, the Mayor's committee boat came out to meet and greet us. It was loaded with people. This morning a telegrapher came on board and sent telegrams home for us boys, C. O. D. or cash. I was broke, so I had to send mine home C. O. D. When the fog raised, a pilot came out and took us to shore. We landed at pier 7. When we marched from the boat on land, the Salvation Army and Red Cross met us and gave us our dinner. It was the best that I had seen or had since I left the U. S. A. We got a hot dog, some sour krout, biscuits, coffee and a large piece of apple pie.

When we were almost finished eating we were served with candy. We then took the ferry boat up the Hudson to the place where we took the train for Camp Mills, Long Island. When we were going from the ferry to the train, the Red Cross gave us a large piece of cake which fairly melted in our mouths. We arrived at Long Island at about 7 o'clock and were given a place to sleep and supper. We then were told that we would have to go and have a bath, and that all our clothes would have to go through the cootie licer, at 11 o'clock. We got everything ready, and at 10:30 were called outside and lined up and had roll call and then were marched down to the bath house. It was about a mile and a half walk each way. We got back about 1:30 A. M. When we arrived in the house we were given a blue bag and told to put our clothes in that bag, and then go in the other room and take a bath while our clothes were getting sterilized. Some of my clothes had holes in, so I made them a little larger and turned them in and received new ones for them. The following day, orders came that we could have a twenty-four hour pass, so I put in for one Sunday afternoon at one o'clock. I went home on a twenty-four hour pass. I did not arrive home until late in the afternoon, for it takes quite a while to get to Hoboken. I had to take the surface car and ride for an hour, and then take the L and go to Brooklyn and cross the bridge, and then the quickest way which I knew to Barclay Street ferry was to walk.

On the 18th day of April we left Camp Mills and went to Camp Dix to be discharged. All of us men of the Regular Army were supposed to go to Battle Creek, Michigan, to be discharged, but orders changed and I was glad of it, for the sooner I could be discharged the better I would feel. We arrived at Camp Dix, Wrightstown, N. J., and were marched into a large building where our pack was taken away from us the first thing. We were told to keep our underwear and personal things and to turn the rest in. This, we did and were glad to do. The next day was Sunday and nothing was done. We all took a walk around camp. Some dull place to be in! I am glad that I never had to train at this camp. Monday, we were sent down to the building where we were to be discharged, and as our names were called, we went in. Our record was handed to us as we went in the door, then passed on up the line answering all the questions which were asked. Our discharge was made out and we signed it, but before it was finished and signed by the officer, we had to be examined by the doctors. In the afternoon, we went to the building to be examined. We were told to take off our clothes and put them all together. Then we were told to go upstairs where the doctors were. I do not know how many doctors there were, but there was one for everything. I passed the examination O. K., but some of the men were sent to the base hospital for X-ray, etc. The morning of the 22nd day of April, we were called outside and marched down to get our discharge and be paid in full. We were all lined up in rotation as our names were called and stood in line for about one and one-half hours, but when the line began to move we soon got in. The line kept moving all the time. How happy I was when I received my

discharge! I held tight to it and went up to my barrack and got everything that I owned and took an auto and started for Trenton. I stayed at a friend's house for three days and then went home. How happy, to think that I was a free man again, no one to tell me, to go here and go there, do this or do that! After I had a few days' rest, I got busy getting furniture for my home.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Discharged.

I knew that I had to get busy very soon if I wanted to get over to France and get back before winter, for I had a lot of work to do before I could go. The first thing was to rent a house, and then buy my furniture. It was some job to go here and go there. I first wrote everything, which I wanted, down on a piece of paper and then started out. I rented a house at No. 57 1st Street, in Cooper's Row." It had just been repaired, and I had to clean every room, also the cellar. I had eight rooms to clean, and they were some dirty. When I got them clean, I had my furniture brought in. The first thing that I did was to put up the shades. I thought it a wise thing to do. The floors needed scrubbing and I did not have time to do it, so I hired a woman to come and do it for me. When a person starts out to rent a house and go and buy furniture to completely furnish eight rooms, they will find that there is some work to it. While I was doing all of these things, I was working for my passport. I first went to Mr. Moller on S. Morris Street, and he advised me to write to Washington, D. C., to the passport bureau. This I did, and in a week or so I received a letter saying:

"Dear Friend, Mr. R. A. Scudder:—I don't think that you will be able to receive a passport at this time and do not know when."

This made me a little angry, so I sat down and wrote another letter asking for an application for a passport. While this letter was on its way, I finished getting my home set to rights so I could have it all ready before I sailed. My house was all ready but I had not received any answer from Washington, so I decided to go to work until I got ready to sail. I was working on the trolleys before enlisting in the army. The company kept my rights for me, so I started to work on the 2nd day of June, on Sunday. Finally I received word from the passport bureau, Washington, D. C., and an application to fill out for my passport. There surely was a lot of red tape to it. I had to go to Morristown to the county clerk's office and have him sign it, and also have a witness. Mr. Winfield Hopkins of Dover, N. J. was my witness. Well, I was glad to have that finished.

There was one more thing to be done before I could send it in, I had to go to the steamship office in New York and find out when and on what ship I would sail and put the name of the ship on my application. I was working nights, from 3:37 P. M. until 1:20 A. M.

I went to New York the next morning on the 7:06 train so I would arrive in New York about the same time that the office would open. I had to go to State Street, the French Steamship line. I was there a short time before the office opened. I took a little walk while waiting. The office opened at 9:30. I went in as soon as it opened as I had to get back home in time to go to work. I found out the name of the ship, when it would sail, and how much it would cost me. The clerk said it would cost me $105, and that if I paid a deposit, he would give me an outside cabin as there were a few left but they would soon be gone. I paid $50 down and then went home to get ready for work. Arrived home about 2 o'clock, had dinner, and then it was time for me to go to work. The next day I went to Morristown on the 1 o'clock car to write on my application the name of the boat I was to sail on and then mailed it to Washington. I also had to send a dollar with it. In the middle of July I received my passport, and then I had to take it to the French office, near State Street, to have it validated. An application had to be made out containing three names of people whom I knew for witnesses, and then there was a wait of five days before my passport would be ready. I was lucky, I knew that my ship was to sail on the 5th day of August. On the 1st of August,, I stated my case to them and was told that in about a half hour it would be ready for me. After I had my passport all finished, I got my ticket as the time of sailing was near. The next day I went to Morristown to the office of the Morris County Traction Company, the company which I worked for, and asked them for a leave of absence of two or three months, or in other words, until I could get back. I was granted my leave of absence and was told to tell the dispatcher at the car barn in Dover. I then went home, ate my dinner and got ready for work. In the afternoon, I told the dispatcher that I was granted a leave of absence beginning the 1st of August, and that I would work up until Monday evening as I was to sail on the 2nd of August, but in the meantime, I received a telegram that the sailing of the steamship was changed from the 2nd to the 4th, so I work two days longer.

CHAPTER XXIV.

My Second Voyage to France.

This is my second voyage to France, but this time I am a free man and can have a good time. No boss over me all the time to keep me down like a dog or a wild animal. I left home on Sunday morning, August 3, 1919, on the 9:24 train, but there was a lot of difference this time in going to France than there was the first time. Mother and Mr. Maxwell went down to the station with me to see me off. There was also a great difference in this parting from that of the first time. Mother felt bad but did not cry and feel as she did when I was going off to lick those dirty Germans.

I arrived in Hoboken at 10:35, took the 23rd Street ferry, then the street car up to the foot of 42nd Street and walked up to 44th Street to pier 84, to the French Steamship line, where I inquired when I could go aboard the ship. The man said, "Where do you wish to go, and what ship are you sailing on?" I told him that I wanted to sail to Bordeaux on the Steamship "Chicago." He said to come tomorrow at 11 o'clock A. M. or a little before if I could get there. I went to a hotel on 42nd Street and Broadway. It was the "Knickerbocker Hotel." I got a place there to stay over night. I left my travelling bags and overcoat and went for a little walk, then went in Childs' restaurant and ate my dinner. After dinner I went up to 5th Avenue and took in the sights all along the Avenue. The time went quite fast and it was soon supper time. Of course, I ate again. I did not stay out very late, for I knew that I would be busy all the next day, besides, I had been up day and night for the last couple of weeks getting everything ready for my trip and also my home coming. I got up the next morning at 9 o'clock, went down, had breakfast and then went back to my room, got my traveling bags and overcoat and took the 42nd Street cross town car to the foot of 42nd Street and walked up to 44th Street. I went in on the pier and stood around. I got acquainted with a young lady and her mother who were going to Bordeaux on the same boat on which I was going. Their names were Mrs. Melville and Miss Jean Melville of Cleveland, Ohio. I arrived at the pier at 10:30 A. M. and had to wait until 12:30 before going aboard. Before we could go aboard,

we had to show our income tax receipts, our ticket, passport and also get the "once over" by the custom officer. After all this was done, I went up the gang plank, was asked at the door for my ticket and then was taken to my cabin, No. 305. I was hungry. I asked the steward what time supper was to be served, and he said at 5:30. It was a long time to wait as I was very hungry. I went up on deck and there met the two ladies whom I had met on the pier, I told them there would be no supper served until 5:30, and they both said they did not know if they could stand it or not. I stayed on deck all afternoon looking at the people coming aboard and the deck hands loading the boat. We were to set sail at 3 o'clock but did not sail until 3:23. I watched the ship sail away from New York. The pier was full of people watching us go. We soon got out of sight. We had not gone very far before we had lost an hour, so you see we travel quite fast going away from New York. When the dinner bell rang I was not long getting there and I ate everything which was put before me. In the evening, after we had our supper, we all were up on deck for a while, and then I went down and went to bed, for there was nothing to see, only water. It was a lovely moonlight night.

On the morning of the 6th, there were plenty white caps floating around. I saw four or five ships going to New York and some going in the same direction as we. We passed them and in a short time they were lost to sight. Every afternoon we are served with tea and crackers. The two ladies whom I met are going to La Rochelle, where Mr. Melville is working for the Middletown Car Co. I met six other people also going to La Rochelle, four wives going to meet their husbands who are working for the Middletown Car Co, and one husband and wife. We have a good time all the while. Miss Jean Melville and I can talk a little French and when any of us want something we two frame it up and then ask the porter for it. The third day out, we had ship drill in the afternoon and most of us put on our life belts. A few thought themselves too important to put them on, but if anything happened to this ship they might be out of luck.

These are the names of the people who were going to La Rochelle: Mrs. Swinski of Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. Paquin of Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. Wilkins, Millville, Pa.; Mrs. Kennedy, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. David Melville, Cleveland, O.; Miss Jean Melville, Cleveland, O.; Mrs. Flannagan, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. and Mrs. Keener, Middletown, Pa.

Mrs. Kennedy went to the bath room to wash her hands and took off her rings and did not remember where she left them. She did not miss them until the next morning. When she missed her rings, she also missed the keys to her steamer trunk. She had to have it pried open, for she had some things to put into it. The water has been very calm and we have sailed more quickly by having good weather.

It is a week this afternoon since we sailed away from New York. I think in eight days we will land in Bordeaux, that will be on Thursday evening, and we will be able to go down the gang plank Friday morning and then I will take the train for Orleans. I am thinking that we will be

Passport Photo—A Free Man Again.

there by that time but I may be fooled. My, how happy I will be when I arrive in Orleans! I can hardly wait until the time comes for me to get off this ship.

I have had a lovely trip and am thinking we well see land sometime this afternoon, at least I hope so. I am quite sure that everyone on board is glad that we will soon be at the end of our trip. The third class passengers had to be vaccinated; they were vaccinated on the left arm. I would not want to ride third class. It is worse than traveling as a soldier. We have traveled 3,007 miles up 'till noon today. We have 267 miles more to go yet. I thought we would be able to go down the gang plank Friday morning, and by so doing, I would be able to land in Orleans Friday evening. Before I left the States, I wrote a letter to my friend, Mlle. Raymonde Gay, telling her that I would be in Orleans Friday, August 15th, but I will not be able to get there at that time as the pilot got on the wrong road and started towards St. Nazziere. The captain happened to find out that we were on the wrong road so went to the pilot and asked him where he was going. The pilot answered, "To St. Nazziere." Then the captain told him to turn as he was to go to Bordeaux. That brought us there just in time to miss the tide going in, so we had to wait until 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the 15th, which was Friday, and I had expected to be in Orleans Friday evening. Everybody was angry when they found this out.

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We arrived in Bordeaux at 8:45 P. M. Friday evening and went down the gang plank at 9:10 P. M. I was held up by the French custom officers until 9:45 because they knew that I had twenty-eight cigars. After they held me a half hour, they told me that I would have to pay one franc for each cigar over ten that I had, that would mean eighteen francs, and I told them that I would not pay it. so they kept all of my cigars and smoked them themselves. The inspector asked me if I had been a soldier in France, and I told him "Yes," thinking that by telling him this, he might let me have my cigars, but he kept them just the same. He thought I would give him eighteen francs so he could have a good drink at my expense, but I did not feel like giving him that much after paying fifteen cents each for the cigars over in the States, for I was not a millionaire. After I gave him the cigars, I went over to town and took the street car up to the station. It was dark and, as I had never been in Bordeaux, I had to ask someone which way to go to get to the station. I had to wait about ten minutes for a car. I arrived at the station at 10:10 P. M. and the train was to leave at 10:24 but it was 11 o'clock before it left. It was the Paris express, making a few stops at the large cities and Orleans was one of them. I arrived at a small station outside of Orleans named Les Aubrails; as the train that I was on did not run into the terminal, I had to take another train. There are no conductors on the trains so everyone has to watch out for their own station, so when I saw Orleans I got

off. I looked around and saw that I was not in the right place so got busy before the train pulled away and found out where I was. I found that I had to take another train which took me about fifteen minutes to go to the terminal. Changing trains and waiting a short time, I arrived in Orleans about 7 o'clock and then started down to my sweetheart's home. At this address, 2 Venelle de la Patrune 2, Orleans. I rang the door bell and Madam Gay said, "Come in," or in French, enter, not knowing who was there at the door. They had looked for me all day Friday and did not expect me so early, but when I went in she was glad to see me. She came to me and gave me a hug and a kiss. Her son, Maurice, was still in bed and our talk awakened him. Raymonde had just gone out to her sister's house but her sister's boy, Roger, was there and he went home to tell Raymonde to come home quick, and she asked, "What for?" and he said, "To eat you breakfast." She also asked him if a telegram had come and he said, "Come on and eat your breakfast." By this time her brother was up and dressed. Raymonde came in and asked her mother if I had come, and her mother did not say yes or no. I had hidden behind a chair in the other room and she did not see me, but I had left some of my things in the dining room and she saw them and calling, "Robbie, Robbie, Robbie." She began to search for me, I could not stay in my hiding place any longer but had to come out to see her and to give her a good hug and kiss. Her brother went to the shop where his brother-in-law was working and told him that I had come, and he told the boss that some one was sick and that he had to go home. The whole family was very happy to see me. All the family had said that I would never come back, but Mlle. Lueieme Hure, a young lady, who could speak and read English, and was a good friend of Raymonde's, told her that I was sure to come back for she always read my letters to her, for Mlle. Raymonde could not read English very well. None of Raymonde's family believed I would ever come back, because it was a long way to come and it cost a great deal of money.

The second day that I was here Madam Gay went with Mlle. Raymonde Gay and I to the Mayor's office to get our marriage license but he said that I would have to go to Paris to get it. We went to the post office and sent a telegram to Mlle. Raymonde's sister, stating that we would be in Paris on the following afternoon asking her to meet us at the station. We expected to leave Orleans on the 10:30 train and to arrive in Paris at 12:30.

Well, the next day we got up early and arrived in Paris at 12:30. Raymonde's sister, Marcelle, met us at the station. We went to her home first and ate, as we were both hungry and a little tired as we had to stand up all the way. After we had our dinner, we set out to find the American consul, but they could not do anything for me and gave me this address: 36 Avenue de la Opera. We found the place and an American lawyer, Mr. Lobo. He asked me every question that he could think of and then told me to sign my name and come back the next day when my papers

would be ready for me. We then took a walk until supper time. The next morning I was given my papers and told to go to the American Consul and pay my revenue tax, which was F32.14. I then took the papers back to the lawyer, who said, "Now you give me a hundred and twelve francs and I will finish your papers for you and you may call at 5 o'clock and get them." Altogether it cost $25 for my marriage papers.

Well, I did not get back after my papers that afternoon as we went to the movies. We came back in the morning and got our papers. Everything was now O. K., so we went back home to Orleans in the evening, on the 6 o'clock train.

Mlle. Gay's sister, Marcelle, went with us to help us get ready for our wedding. On the 26th day of August, we took our papers to the Mayor and told him that everything was O. K. Then we went to Dufaur's livery stable and told him that we wanted three coaches for the 10th of September as we were going to be married. When he looked in his order book he said, "I can't do anything for you until the 13th." So we decided to wait until that date instead of looking for another livery. We went and bought several little things which would be needed for the wedding, also went to the church and asked the minister if he would marry us on the 13th day of September, and he answered, "Most surely I will." Then we asked him several different questions about what we were expected to do. The next day we went up town and bought the goods for Raymonde's dress. Her sister, Marcelle, was to make it, for she is an A-1 dressmaker and would take more pains with it than some outsider would. While Marcelle was making the dress, we got nearly everything ready. In the afternoon, we went up to the church on Rue Bourgogue Street to ask the minister if he would marry us in the morning of September 13th instead of in the afternoon. He said, "Certainly, I will, and be more than glad to do it." He took us into the church and showed us just what we would have to do and where we were to come in. After we engaged the minister to marry us, we went home and did a little more work in preparation for our wedding day.

Well, we have nearly everything ready for our wedding. This afternoon, my sister-in-law to be, received a letter from her husband in Paris telling her to take Raymonde and go to Etampe. We took the train in the morning from Orleans at 6:30 and arrived at Etampe at 8 o'clock. We thought that Marcelle's husband would be there by 9 o'clock, so we took a walk down the main street towards Paris so that when her husband came along he could not miss us. We waited until noon and he did not show up, so, as we were hungry, we went to a restaurant and had our dinner. After dinner we took another walk but no husband or auto did we see. We could not get a train for home until 7 o'clock. We three were angry to think we had gotten up at 5 o'clock that morning to go to the city of Etampe to meet Marcelle's husband and come back home with him. When we landed in Orleans Marcelle's husband was there at the station waiting for us. He came through Etampe, but somehow or other we missed him. When he

Picture Taken on My Wedding Day, September 13, 1910, in Orleans, France.

saw us, he laughed at us, and said, "Where have you been?" and we said, "We have been all day in a place where we will never go again." We then went home and had our supper as we were hungry and tired. I did not stay up very long. I do not know what the rest did nor didn't care. I did not get up very early the next morning for I was tired. When I did get up, I stayed around the house all day. In the evening, we went to the movies. We have started to get things together, so that when we get ready to go to America we wont have everything to do at the last minute.

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It is September 3d, and we have had a little bad luck for our wedding day. Madam Josephine Larigauduie, Madam Gay's mother, died this morning and all the family are feeling bad. Raymonde and I have all white clothes for our wedding but now we will have to go and buy black clothes. I have one dark suit with me, therefore all I will have to buy is a dark hat. The funeral is going to be Saturday afternoon with a short sermon at the house and then a church service.

A funeral here is very different from one in the States. They do not have any coaches for the people to ride in. They have only a hearse. It is an open hearse, that is, all is open but the top, and that has a place to put the flowers on. Relatives and friends march behind the hearse to the cemetery, and there is a short sermon at the grave. The body is not lowered into the grave until after everybody has gone away. I think that is the best way to do. After the sermon, we took the street car and went home.

After a couple of days we bought some more things for our wedding, such as white slippers for Raymonde and a wreath for her head and told the hair dresser to come to her house on the morning of the 13th to dress her hair.

The first time I was in Paris, I went to the French Steamship line and asked them how soon I could get a ship to sail to America after the 13th, and they said there would be one on the 13th and one about the 1st of October. The clerk took my name and address and said that he would write to me as soon as it was found out when the ship would sail. I am waiting now for a letter from them.

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This is September 12, 1919: I have been working very hard today, as tomorrow Raymonde and I are to be married. We have three coaches hired. We have to be ready at 9:30 for the coaches will be here for us. We first go to the town hall, where we have a lot of "Red Tape" to go through before the wedding ceremony, plenty of questions to answer.

Well, the coaches came at 9:30 A. M. Mlle. Raymonde went in the coach with her mother and father and a friend and I with her brother-in-law, sister and friend. We arrived at the Mayor's office, or town hall, and found eight couples ahead of us, so we had to wait about an hour.

When we went in, we were handed a ticket numbered 9, so we had to wait our turn. It seemed like a week to me! After a long time, I heard a man call out, "No. 9," then we went in. (We, means the whole family.) Our papers had to be signed by Raymonde's father, mother, uncle and aunt. After that, a little box was passed around and you could give whatever you pleased. It was for the committee who take charge of this work to give to charity. It took us about ten minutes in the office, then we went out and got into the coaches again and went to the church. A wedding march was played as we marched into the church. The church was more than half full of people to hear the wedding sermon. Mlle. Gay was dressed in white as you see by the picture. I was also dressed in white as you see by the picture. After we were married, we marched out into the back room and signed our papers, and the minister gave me a large bible written in French. I can read some of it, but my wife can understand it very well. We then marched back into the church and out the front door. The door was crowded, we could hardly get through. We got into the coach and went home. All of the drivers came in and had a glass of wine. After we got home we ate our dinner. We surely had some dinner! Before our driver went away, we told him to come back at 3 o'clock. When he came back, we had just finished dinner. We then got ready and went to call on some of my wife's friends. We were gone about three or four hours. We had a very nice afternoon. In the evening, we stayed at home with the old folks, for we knew we would not be with them very long. Some of our friends came in for the evening.

On the second day of our married life, we received several wedding presents from my wife's friends.

Just before we were married, I received a letter from home, reading like this:

"Dear Cousin:—Just a few lines to let you know that I am well and hope that you are the same. I have a little bad news to tell you. It is that your home on 1st Street is no more. It caught on fire and the house was well burned. All your furniture was wet and some got burned but not very much because Mr. Maxwell carried the furniture out as fast as he could."

When I received this letter, I sat down and cried, to think that my home was gone after I had worked so hard to get all ready before I came across, so I would have a home to take my wife to when we landed in the States—I did not know what to do. My wife asked me why I was crying, and as soon as I was able, I told her what had happened. In a few days I received a letter from mother and then I felt better. It said:

"Dear Son:—I have all your furniture in a house at Rockaway, as I could not get any in Dover. If the house is repaired, I will have your furniture moved back, but if not you will have to go to Rockaway."

CHAPTER XXV.

My Second Trip to Paris.

We must go to Paris again to get my passport fixed up so I can take my wife back to America with me. We first went to the American Consul's office and told them there that I wanted to have my passport fixed up so I could take my wife home with me. Then the clerk asked me for my discharge and marriage papers and asked if I had a slip from the Mayor, stating the character of my wife, I said, "No," and the clerk said, "I am sorry, but before I can fix your passport, you will have to have a paper from the Mayor of Orleans stating your wife's character." She had us do everything else so we would not have so much to do when we got the paper from the Mayor. I had about a dozen questions to answer and while I was doing that, the clerk took a description of my wife and then said, "As soon as you have the paper from the Mayor, I will sign your passport." We then went over to the French Steamship line, about a mile from this place, and got our tickets to go to America. It cost me $194 for both of us to go back to America on the boat, not counting the train fare. After we got our ticket and found out what ship we were to sail on, the name of it was La Savoie, we went back home. We were in Paris alone, and as my sister-in-law was in Orleans at my wife's home, we stayed at her home in Paris. When we received our certificate from the Mayor, we took it to the American Consul and then had our passport fixed up.

When we had everything attended to, we left Paris for Orleans. We arrived in Orleans at about 6:30. My sister-in-law met us at the station. This was on September 20th. We then went home and the first thing we had to do was to tell the home folks what we did during the three days we spent in Paris. The first thing we told them was that it took most all our spare time to go and buy something to eat and then to prepare it, as we were not used to cooking, but we got along very well. On the evening of the 19th, we had gone to the show. I had not understood all that was said but the pictures I understood very well. I told them how glad I was when I got all our papers finished. It was some job to get them, but I am sure that it was worth while. We were glad to get back and get a meal for we were very hungry. Dinner was ready and mother said, "I have pork chops, mashed potatoes and pie and cake" and for dessert, we had some vin blanc or white wine with lemonade. I have our tickets for the ship to sail back home across the sea. We are to sail on the La Savoie on the 4th day of October.

Married and Ready to Sail for America.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Homeward Bound.

The first thing we have to do is to pack our trunk and suit cases, to be ready to leave here on the 1st of the month. It is the last day of September, and we are going to send our trunk one day ahead of us so it will be there by the time we are. We are leaving tomorrow morning on the 10 o'clock which means we have to get up early. We were out today to see some of our friends and bid them bood-bye as it will be a long time before we see them again. Our trunk has gone, so we don't have to bother with that tomorrow. We will stay home tonight, for it will be our last night to stay here in Orleans. Everyone is home this evening and we are having our last evening's talk together. It is some evening! Many tears are shed bacause we are going to leave tomorrow.

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Tomorrow came, and we left home for the station. All the neighbors bade us good-bye and good luck. We arrived at the station and had to wait about fifteen minutes. Just before we got on the train, mother and Bertha started to cry, I thought sister Bertha would go into a fit. My wife felt very bad also. She got in the train and we soon pulled away. Good-bye Orleans! Sister Marcelle went to Paris where she lives. We had to change there and wait until the next morning for a train. We decided to stay with sister Marcelle, who lived at 155 Boulevard Montparnasse, Paris, France. After we had comething to eat, we went to the station to see if our trunk had come. We searched all the trunks in the baggage room and could not find ours. We were some angry, for we had a long distance to take it to the other railroad. We waited around about three or four hours to see if it would come in, but it did not, so we went home disappointed. In the morning, we went back to the station as soon as we got up and our trunk was there, so we got a jitney to take it to the station. When we arrived at the station and asked the driver how much it was, he said, "Ten francs." We thought that too much but had to pay it. We were glad to get our trunk, for if it hadn't come, then we would have

had to have left it in France. We sent the trunk and then went upstairs to find out what time the train would go to Le Havre, and were told at 1:30 and there would be no other until the next day, so we had to hurry back to sister's house, get our suitcases and tell her that we would have to leave right away because we had to take that train. Sister Marcelle went to the station with us. We were hungry so bought something to eat on the train. The train left at 1:30 and arrived at Le Havre at 5 o'clock. After we got something to eat we went in the station. The train was not yet in, so we had to wait. Sister could not go in the place where we had to go, so she waited on the outside until we went. We hated to go as winter was coming on, and it is not very pleasant on the ocean in the winter time. We arrived in Le Havre only fifteen minutes late. The first thing we did was to look for a hotel for we had to have a place to sleep. We went to one hotel and they did not have room, so they sent us to another across the street. We went over there and found we could get our room there. Before they would let us have a room, we had to tell what we were there for and where we were going and what our address was. After we told all this and signed some papers we went up to our room. We then went to the station to see if our trunk had come, but it had not. Then we went to the hotel and had our supper. After supper we went for a walk down towards the dock to see if our boat was in. We could not see anything of our boat so we went back for it was late and dark. We had a very nice room and the bed was comfortable so we had a good sleep. We did not get up until 9 o'clock the next morning, then had our breakfast and went to the station to see if our trunk had come. We looked in the baggage room and I spied it the first thing. I then felt better, for I knew we would have everything ready to go aboard the ship. We told the baggage master that our trunk was there and he went and got it for us. We then hired a taxi to take us down to the boat. It was about a five-minute drive and he charged us twelve francs. I think that he thought we wanted to buy his taxi. We found out it would be twelve francs, so we told him to wait and take us back. We then went in to find out what time we should come to register our trunk and were told, "10 o'clock tomorrow morning," this would be Saturday, October 4. We then went back to the hotel. My wife wrote a letter home telling all the news, and afterwards we went for a walk up to the center of the city. We found that part of the city very nice but had to stay in a hotel near the pier so we could be ready as soon as the time came to get on board the ship, for we had two travelling bags to carry, and to be up town was too far to walk.

This is the 4th day of October and it is also the day we are to set sail for America. We got up at 7 o'clock, went down and had our breakfast and then came back and got all our things ready. At 10:30, we went to the restaurant and had lunch because we did not know what time we would get any thing to eat on the boat. We were supposed to be at the pier at 11 o'clock to register our trunk and have our passport inspected before we could go aboard. Our passport was O. K. After we had our

passport inspected we had to go into another room and there I was asked how much money I had. We then went out to go on board and the deck steward said, "Nothing doing until after 1 o'clock," so we took a little walk to pass the time away. Some of the people did not have their passports finished or fixed right and they were turned down and told to go and get them finished. We came back about one o'clock and went aboard. The number of our cabin was 315-316. We found it and went in and examined everything. We then took our things from our travelling bags and put them in the small closets. Then went up on the deck to see what was going on. The deck hands were busy loading the boat with food and trunks. Most of the trunks went down in the hold in the botton of the ship. The passengers were coming on very quickly for we were to set sail at 5 o'clock. At 5:45 the boat's whistle blew three times; that meant to pull the gang planks for we were ready to set sail. The gang planks were taken down, and we were about to sail away when a man came running and said to tell the captain to wait five minutes, for he wanted to get aboard. He got his baggage, went down a rope ladder to a small boat and came over to the ship and up the rope ladder to the ship. He was a lucky man to get on board after everything was ready to start. The pier was crowded with people waving flags, handkerchiefs, etc., at us until we were out of sight. We were glad that we were started. Shortly after we started we had supper. We were hungry and ate a good supper. It was the first time my wife had been on a ship or seen one, but she ate a good hearty supper just the same. After supper we went to our cabin and put our coats on, and then went up on deck to get the sea breeze and let my wife get used to the ocean, for in a couple of days we would be where there were plenty of white caps and they would probably be quite high and play tag together and make the ship roll a little bit. I am used to it, but my wife is not. She may be sea-sick, but I hope not.

The fourth day we were out we ran into a storm and the ship started to go up and down and side ways. As long as we stayed on deck we did not mind it. After a while the dinner bell rang, then we went in to eat. We sat down at the table, then it seemed to rock worse than ever. Several people had to get up and leave the table to go out into the air. It kept getting worse all the time, and at supper time, the waiters had to put trays on the table to set the glasses and dishes in to keep them from upsetting and falling off the table. My wife had to get up and go out on deck and sit in her deck chair while I took her supper out to her. She had a slight headache and didn't want to eat, but I told her to eat just the same, for if she did get sea-sick she would always have something on her stomach and would not strain herself. We went to bed early as we were tired, and it was raining and cold on deck.

On the morning of the 9th of October the sea was very rough, and my wife did not want to get up, but I knew that it was not good to lie in bed at sea, so I told her that she had to get up and eat her breakfast and then go up on deck in her deck chair as it would make her very sick

He Makes the War Seem Worth While.

if she stayed down in her cabin, and another thing, we were a little more than half way home and I didn't want her to be sick when we arrived in New York. She then got up and dressed and went up on deck with me. Then we went in and ate our breakfast. About noon the storm seemed to be breaking but the water was splashing up on deck. We had to watch or we would get wet. We both had a headache but did not get sick.

In the morning we would see land on the right side and had left the storm out at sea and knew it would be nice and clear for us to land in New York. On the morning of the 12th of October we saw land and expected to be on shore in the afternoon at about 5 o'clock or a little later. The land we saw was Long Island. We were soon passing some of the ports along the water front, they were very pretty. "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" is what we soon heard. There was the Statue of Liberty and we would soon be in at the pier. The boat came to a standstill, the pilot came out to us in a small boat and a row boat was lowered, then he went down a rope ladder and came over to us in the row boat. In a few minutes another boat came out; that was the quarantine boat. The doctor stayed an hour and then left, and we started sailing again. We soon arrived at our pier, it was 6 o'clock. We thought that we would be off by 7 o'clock and I could get the eight something train from Hoboken for home, but before we could go ashore we had to have our passport examined, and be given a little card showing that everything was O. K. That did not take long. In the same room, I got my money changed, then went to our cabin and got all our things, came up on deck and waited for the time to go down the gang plank. We got off the ship at 7 o'clock, then had to go to the office at the pier and have our paper stamped before we could get our trunk. It cost us a quarter for that, but before we did this, we had to wait until our trunk was unloaded as the longshoremen were all on a strike and the ship hands were unloading the trunks. We got our trunk about 8 o'clock. I was in line and my wife was standing down by letter S, where our trunk would be placed. When it came, she came up and told me. I thought that we would be able to get a train soon but we could not as it was 8:45 before the custom officer got through with our trunk. I did not have to pay for anything. We then took a taxi and went down to the ferry at 23rd Street. I asked them what time the next train went to Dover, and they told me 12:15. We had plenty of time, and as we were hungry, we went to the restaurant and had something to eat. We then went back to the station and bought our tickets, took the ferry across the Hudson to Hoboken, and as we still had plenty of time, I went to the telephone and called up Mrs. Stanley Cannon, my aunt, and told her that I had just arrived in New York and asked her to please go down and tell Mother I was in New York and would be home on the theater train, and would like her to come down and meet the train. I had a 'phone in my house, but the house caught on fire while I was gone and Mother had to move the 'phone out until the house was repaired and did not have it put back again. Aunt Mame said she would not want to come

to the station alone, so she would send Bertha, who is my cousin, down to tell Mother, and she could go to the station with her to meet us at the train. When Mother knew that I had landed in New York with my Frenchie, I knew she would surely come to the train to meet us. We sat down in the station to wait for the time to pass. We were both tired, so I got up and walked around, because if we both went to sleep we would probably miss our train, and as that was the last one I didn't want to miss it. I walked around and let my wife sleep. At last our train came and we got on and started for Dover. It could not go fast enough for us. We arrived in Dover at 1:35 A. M.. Mother and cousin Bertha were at the station waiting for us. They were glad to see us, and I was glad to see them. I introduced my wife, and we then went home. The first thing I did when we arrived home was to play a piece on the Victrola. It was about 2 o'clock but I did not care. We had a bite to eat and then went to bed. My cousin stayed with us all night.

We got up the next morning at 9 o'clock and after we had our breakfast went for a walk to show my wife the town of Dover. We first went to the station to see if our trunk had come. It had come just a few moments before I arrived at the baggage room.

My wife thinks Dover, N. J., is very nice. I say she will like America very well but will like to go back to France after a couple of years to see her folks. She left a father, mother, two sisters and a brother behind.

Since this book was written a new joy has come into our lives. His picture appears on page 142.

THE END.

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